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APRIL 23, 1958

& BYSTANDER

TWO SHILLINGS



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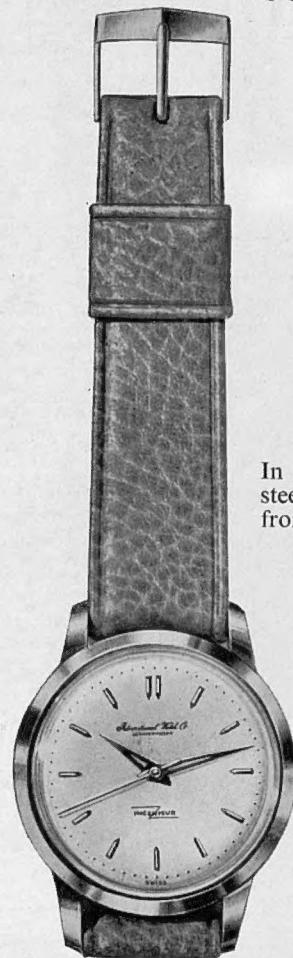


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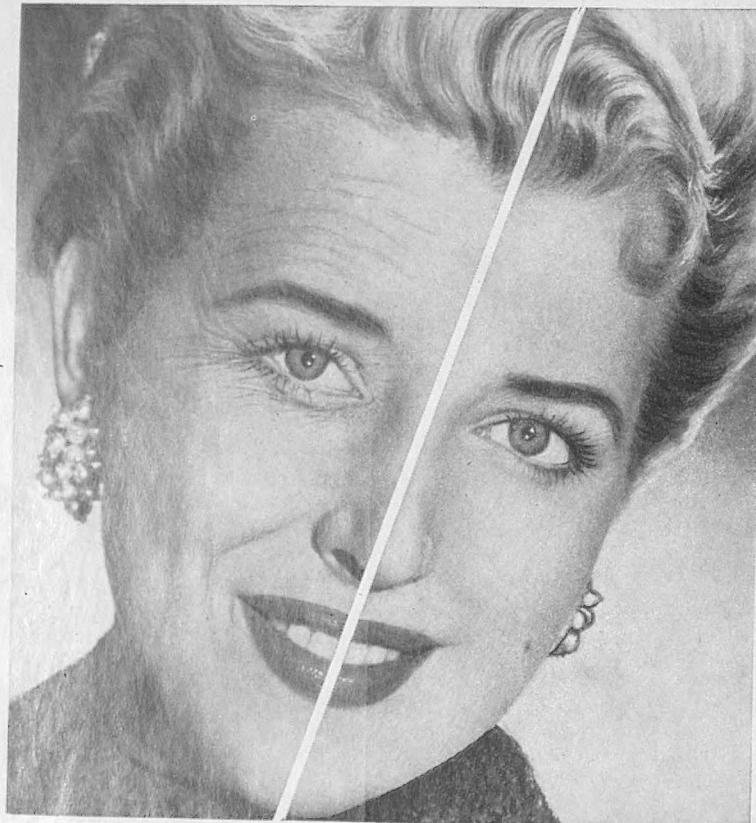
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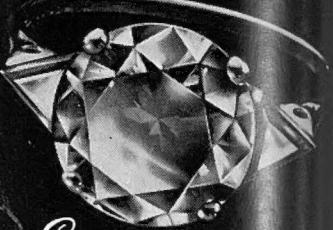
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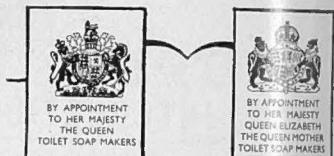
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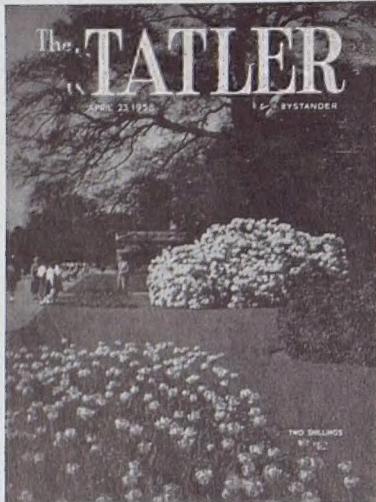
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DIARY of the week

FROM 24 APRIL TO 30 APRIL

THURSDAY 24 APRIL

Racing at Epsom, Pontefract, N.H. Ludlow, Perth Hunt and Wincanton.

FRIDAY 25 APRIL

Royal visit: Prince Philip will visit the works of Vickers Armstrong (Aircraft), Ltd., at South Marston, Weybridge and Hurn.

Concert: Pianist Andre Tchaikowsky will play as soloist with the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. Crossley Clitheroe will conduct.

Racing at Sandown Park (N.H.).

SATURDAY 26 APRIL

Point-to-Points: Blankney (Boothby Graffoe), Portman (Badbury Rings) Simmington (Oswaldkirk), Warwickshire (North Newington), Zetland (Marwood).

Horse Show: Taplow Horse Show takes place in Bucks.

Racing at Sandown Park, Ripon, Worcester, Bognor, N.H. Bangor-on-Dee, Towcester, Bognor.

Films of Wild Life will be presented by David Attenborough, Peter Scott, and James Fisher in aid of the Jack Lester Memorial Fund in the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

SUNDAY 27 APRIL

Art Exhibition: The Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition of Children's Paintings will commence at the Guildhall Art Gallery.

The Queen will take the salute at the St. George's Day Parade of the Queen's Scouts at Windsor Castle.

Concert: Sir Malcolm Sargent will conduct, with Yehudi Menuhin as

the soloist, in a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m.

MONDAY 28 APRIL

Golf: The English Amateur Championships will commence on Walton Heath, Surrey.

Art: Display of Paintings in the Embankment Gardens.

Dress show: The Débutante Dress Show will be held today and tomorrow in the Berkeley Hotel.

Racing at Worcester, N.H. United Hunts Meet (Folkestone), Southwell.

TUESDAY 29 APRIL

Racing at Southwell (N.H.).

WEDNESDAY 30 APRIL

The Queen Mother, as Chancellor, will be present at a reception at Queen Elizabeth College, London, on the occasion of its Jubilee.

Recital: The Dolmetsch Foundation, conducted by Carl Dolmetsch, will give a recital in the Royal Festival Hall, 7 p.m.

Racing at Newmarket.

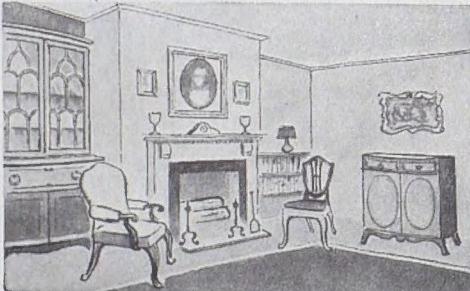
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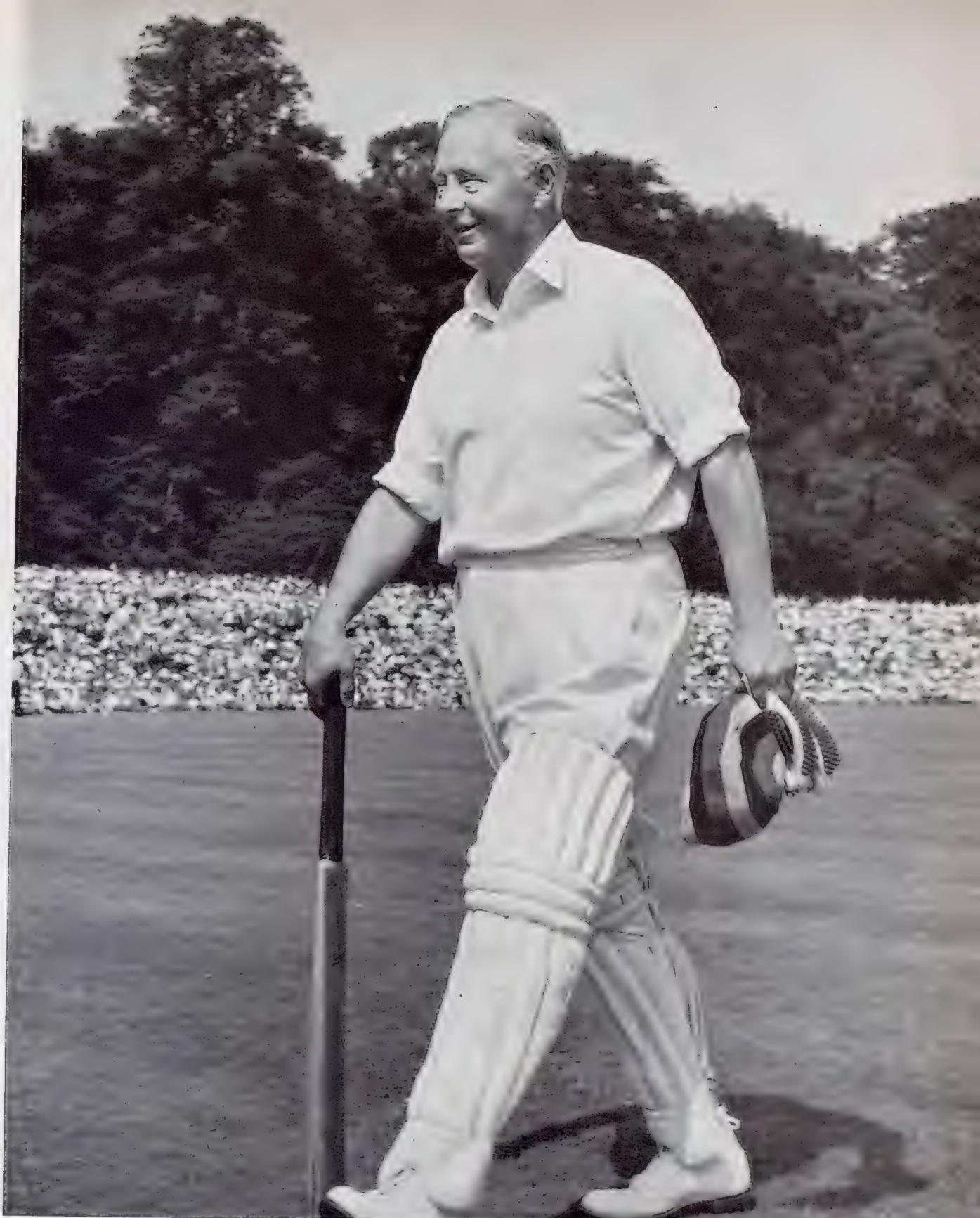


The **TATLER** A STANDER

Vol. CCLVIII. No. 2963

23 April 1958

TWO HILLINGS



Van Hallan

PERSONALITY

M.C.C. President

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK is this year's head of the governing body of cricket. The national summer spectacle starts its season next week, and a few days afterwards the duke, as president, will take the chair at the Marylebone Cricket Club's annual meeting. At this meeting his successor will be nominated, taking office next autumn.

The duke's interest in cricket goes back to his schooldays; he played for the Oratory team, Caversham, in 1920. He has been a member of the M.C.C. since 1930 and is also president of the Sussex County Cricket Club.

Last summer the duke captained a side of his own which drew with Prince Philip's XI at Arundel Castle. The match was in aid of the National Playing Fields Association and

this informal picture was taken as the duke went out to bat. He scored two, and was bowled by Prince Philip after the prince had missed a catch. The cap the Duke of Norfolk is carrying is in the colours of the exclusive I Zingari Cricket Club.

As president of the M.C.C. the duke will be host at Lord's for the second Test Match, which is as much a social as a sporting occasion. This year the Tests will be against the New Zealanders, who are visiting England for the first time since 1949.

Cricket, of course, is not the sport with which the Duke of Norfolk is usually associated. He is a steward of the Jockey Club and is in charge of the Royal arrangements for Ascot.



THE IRISH GRAND NATIONAL meeting was held at Fairyhouse. Above: The Earl of Dunraven, from Adare, Co. Limerick, with his guests, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Thursby, both well-known English owners



Brig. Dudley Clark, Mrs. Pat Herdman (left) and Baroness Gonfalonieri. Mrs. Herdman, who is the wife of the Master of the Strabane foxhounds, had a runner at the meeting

Another Grand National



Mrs. J. P. Murphy, from Drogheda, Co. Louth, holds the Grand National Trophy won by her horse, Gold Legend, in a photo-finish



Miss Grania Bevan and her sister, Miss Brigid Bevan, of Castlebellingham, Co. Louth. They are followers of the Louth and Meath foxhounds



Lt.-Cdr. Osbourne and the Hon. Mrs. James King were among visitors from Northern Ireland. She is a daughter of Lord Annaly



Mrs. Tom Dreaper with the Duchess of Westminster, from Co. Waterford. The duchess's horse, Sentina, was one of those which finished



The Countess of Mount Charles, whose home is Slane Castle, Co. Meath, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally-Stourton

Mr. Nesbit Waddington, from Drogheda, Co. Louth, with Lady Ainsworth, wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Co. Limerick. Mr. Waddington is a noted rider

C. C. Fennell



The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, who came from Scotland, is a brother of the Earl of Airlie, of Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir, Angus. With him: Mrs. Ogilvy and Mrs. Maighread Everard

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Wedding days at St. Margaret's

by JENNIFER

I WENT to two attractive weddings at St. Margaret's, Westminster, one of which—the marriage of Lady Mary Maitland to the Hon. Robert Biddulph—I describe, with pictures, on pages 178-9. The other, on the following day, was that of Mr. Richard Berens, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. H. C. B. Berens, and the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller, daughter of Lord Churston and the late Mrs. Peter Laycock. Canon Michael Stancliffe officiated.

First time the bride, who wore a dress of white embroidered satin with a lace veil held in place by a satin band, chose yellow and white as a scheme. Yellow and white flowers were arranged in the church and the retinue of tiny attendants were in primrose yellow, the pages wearing long yellow trousers with white shirts and yellow bow ties, and the girls long yellow organza dresses with headdresses of yellow and white flowers. They were Lord Francis Russell, Mark Akroyd, the Hon. Kit and the Hon. Linda Grosvenor, Lady Caroline Cadogan and Emily Renton.

I & Lady Churston received the guests with Mr. & Mrs. Berens at the reception at Londonderry House, where among relations and friends I met the bride's grandmother, the Duchess of Leinster, her aunts and the Duke & Duchess of Bedford, Earl & Countess Cadogan from London home she was married, and Denise, Lady Ebury, who had two daughters as bridesmaids. The bride's cousin Viscount Chelsea was one of the ushers, and his two eldest sisters, Lady Sarah Cadogan and Lady Jephne Cadogan, were among the large number of young cousins present. The bridegroom's brothers, Christopher and David, were also two of the ushers. His sister Mrs. Gerry Akroyd, whose little son was a page, was there with her husband.

Lord and Minty (as the bride is fondly known) have bought one of those nice houses in Ilchester Place, where they are going to live when they return from their honeymoon abroad.

Others who came to wish them happiness were Col. Jimmy Innes, whose wife is making a good recovery from her recent operation, Viscount & Viscountess Boyle, Mrs. Toby Waddington in a striking white feather hat, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Miss Elizabeth Heald, Miss Zandra Welch who is to be a bride at the end of this month, Mr. & Mrs. Mark Cory-Wright, Mr. David Bailey, Mr. Ian Cameron and Miss April Brunner, who came with her mother.

Playwrights took a bow

So great was the applause and so determined the shouts for author after the final curtain of *Any Other Business*, the play about the "take over bid," on the opening night at the Westminster Theatre, that the joint authors, George Ross and Campbell Singer, had to make a brief appearance on the stage. Well put together, well produced and well acted, I found the play both exciting and interesting. Among the audience were Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, Chief of Air Staff, and Lady Boyle, who were attending a first night for the first time, Mr. Fred Gough, the Member of Parliament for Horsham, and Mrs. Gough, Jane Baxter looking exceptionally attractive, Mr. John Fernald, the Principal of R.A.D.A., with his wife, and American Mrs. Paul McGrath and Googie Withers, whose husbands are both in the cast of that successful play *Roar Like A Dove*. Googie Withers is shortly off to Stratford-on-Avon to play in the Shakespeare season there.

Earlier that evening two attractive mothers, the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby and Mrs. David Drummond, gave a gay cocktail party for their pretty débutante daughters Miss Penelope Graham and Miss Philippa Drummond



Lambert Weston

Miss Gillian Margaret May to Mr. Graham Peverell Turner
She is the elder daughter of Lt.-Commander G. R. May of The Gables, St. Margaret's Bay, Dover. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. B. G. Turner of Laureston House, Dover



Miss Dyllis Stock Quibell to Mr. John George Bamford
She is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. H. Quibell, D.S.O., & Mrs. D. M. Quibell of The Old Rectory, Nettleham Road, Lincoln. He is the son of the late Capt. & Mrs. H. J. Bamford. He lives at Oldfields Hall, Uttoxeter



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Miss Pamela Jury to Mr. Alastair Muir Barbour
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Archibald G. Jury of Duart Drive, Broom, Newton Mearns. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Barbour of Norwood Drive, Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire



Miss Jane Anne Clift to Mr. Christopher Bennett Allen
She is the elder daughter of Col. & Mrs. J. Clift of the United Kingdom High Commissioner's Office, Wellington, New Zealand. He is the second son of Mr. & Mrs. P. R. Allen, South Collingham House, Collingham, Notts.



The Biddulph-Maitland wedding

VASES of glorious white flowers decorated St. Margaret's, Westminster, when the Bishop of Tewkesbury, assisted by Canon Michael Stancliffe, officiated at the marriage of the Hon. Robert Biddulph, elder son of Lord & Lady Biddulph. His bride was Lady Mary Maitland (*above, far left*), eldest daughter of the late Viscount Maitland & Viscountess Maitland. She is a pretty girl with a petite figure, and wore a wedding dress of white silk faille with a pearl-embroidered bodice of guipure lace, the skirt forming a train.

Lady Mary was given away by her uncle, Lord Forester, and the Hon. Richard Orde-Powlett was best man. There were four child bridesmaids (*left to right in picture*): Rosemary Orde-Powlett, Sarah Walker-Munro, Nesta Wellesley and Lucy Wellesley. Six older bridesmaids were: Lady Anne and Lady Elizabeth



Maitland, sisters of the bride, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew (her cousin), the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Lady Angela Cecil, and the Hon. Fiona Weld-Forester (another cousin). They all wore dark delphinium blue organza dresses and matching headdresses of leaves.

Viscountess Maitland (with Lord & Lady Biddulph, *third picture from left*), attractive in a sapphire blue dress and little hat to match with touches of pink, held a reception at 23 Knightsbridge. She received the guests with Lord & Lady Biddulph, the latter looking charming in a dress of deep raspberry red and a small cream satin hat trimmed with ospreys to tone.

Among the many relatives of both families present, I saw the bride's grandmother, the Dowager Countess

at the Cavalry Club. While their mothers received the guests, who were all young friends, Penelope, who wore a coffee-and-cream flowered dress, and Philippa in a water-lily green wild-silk dress with a bell skirt (which she had worn at Buckingham Palace for her presentation) stood farther within the room moving round introducing people as they arrived. Philippa's younger sister Sarah was also there and was being helpful, introducing and looking after their friends.

Among these were Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, Miss Suzanna Crawley, Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, who accompanied her parents to the Bahamas and West Indies this spring, Miss Teresa Hayter, Miss Harriet Nares, pretty in pale blue, the Hon. Teresa Pearson, Miss Georgina Scott, the Hon. Camilla Jessel, Miss Anne Prideaux and her brother Christopher, and Miss Anne Napier and her brother Miles. Other young men included Mr. Philip de Laszlo and his cousin Mr. Christopher de Laszlo who is up at Oxford, Mr. Charles Black, also up at Oxford, Mr. Christopher Kerrison, Mr. Tony Russell back from a year working in Canada, Mr. Philip Davenport and his brother David, Mr. George Beaumont, Mr. Noel Shuttleworth, who is in the Scots Guards, Mr. Robert & Mr. Anthony Mayhew and Mr. Francis Sitwell.

A gallery of dogs

Lord Brabazon of Tara opened Mrs. Truda Panet's exhibition of dog portraits at Foyle's Gallery, Charing Cross Road, to help the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. The artist has also generously undertaken to give a percentage of the profit on all her dog portraits in future to the Association. Lord Brabazon had the pleasure of seeing a portrait of his own beloved Border terrier Jack in the exhibition. Mrs. Panet, who studied at Heatherley School, is clever in the way she gets the likeness of dogs, the result of having studied them and painted them all over the world.

Her portraits include the Hon. Mrs. Watson-Armstrong's Cairn Paul, Mrs. Dilys Powell's poodle Coco, Richard Todd's Great Dane Baron, an Alsatian guide dog Sally, who belongs to blind Mr. William Bonning of

Bournemouth, and a Lhaso Apso named Jigme Tharkey belonging to Mrs. Jill Henderson of Erdington, Wiltshire. This dog was given to her as a puppy when she was living near the borders of Tibet by Sherpa Tensing, who is a great dog lover. Now that he has enough space for them to live in, Tensing now owns eighteen.

On France's northern Riviera

A full summer season has been planned in Deauville, which opened at Easter, under the personal supervision of that wonderful character, Monsieur François André. There are to be a number of competitions on the fine golf course (which incidentally is open all the year), including the International Amateur Championship from 11-14 June. The Horse Show is on 16-21 July, and there will be racing on the two courses during July, August and September, when some of the best racehorses in Europe will be competing. The bloodstock sales take place during the Grande Quinzaine between 17 August (the day that the famous Prix Morny for two-year-olds is run), and the Grand Prix de Deauville, which is to be run on 31 August. A brilliant polo season is expected during August, with many international teams competing, and the finals of the Gold Cup for the World Open Championship of polo will be played on the 24th. Silver City Airways from Southampton and Air France from London Airport alike, run services to Deauville, which makes it very easy to fly over, if only for a weekend.

Among those who spent Easter in Deauville, were the Duc de Brissac, the Baronne de Sereville playing golf each day, Monsieur & Madame Andre Daven, Mr. Thomas de Wertheimer and Comte Alain de la Morandiere. Le Touquet also opened for Easter and among the first visitors at the Westminster Hotel was Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, who goes over frequently each summer to play golf there, and Viscountess Bruce, Lord Selby, Sir David Reynolds, Rex Harrison and his wife Kay Kendall on their way home from Switzerland, and Mrs. Vernon Tate.

I have already booked my seat with Morton Airways at Croydon to



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(who incidentally is giving a dance for younger sister Lady Anne Maitland, and the Hon. Diana Connelly-Carew), her nieces Lord & Lady Forester, the latter chic, with their daughters the Hon. Mrs. de-Powlett, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Hill and the Hon. Kythe Weld-Forester, also Carew and their son the Hon. Patrick who with Lord & Lady Forester's son George Weld-Forester was an usher, the Francis Weld-Forester and the Rev. the Lauderdale & the Countess of Lauderdale.

bridegroom's sister the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Munro and her husband (Mr. Walker Munro and Miss Von Lowenstein, far right, top row), his wife of Normanton with the Countess of

Normanton, his aunts Lady Georgina Agar, Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, Lady Caroline Agar, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, her sons Capt. Mark Jeffreys and his wife, and Mr. George Jeffreys (far right, bottom row, with Miss Sarah Askew), the Hon. Mrs. Yorke and the Hon. Mrs. Mary Lowry-Corry.

Others at this wedding included, Captain T. P. Woolton, 16th Lancers, and his wife (right, first picture bottom row), Lady Mary Burghley, Lord & Lady Brocket, the Hon. Lady Lawson and her débutante daughter Melanie, both in lovely shades of pink, Lady Edith Foxwell and her attractive daughter Zia, Mrs. Derek Schreiber and her daughter Baroness d'Arcy de Knayth, Brigadier & the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale.

The Duchess of Leinster was there; also the Hon.

over to Le Touquet for Whitsun, and engaged my room at the West-
minster, as I have found that already both planes and hotels are filling up
this weekend, which is always gay and amusing.

A cabaret from Ceylon

Dr. & Mrs. Thompson Hancock gave a delightful dinner dance in their Belgrave Street home for Miss Caroline Thompson Hancock, his attractive debutante daughter, who was presented at Buckingham Palace last month. The double doors between the dining and drawing rooms had been folded back, and small tables lit with pink candles in silver candelabra were



Mrs. Senior and her daughter Deirdre, the Hon. Mrs. Carlisle and Miss Christabel Carlisle, Lady Illingworth, Mrs. Jack Hirsch and Miss Joanna Hirsch, Lady Barber, Mr. Peter French Davies, Mrs. Eric Dugdale and Miss Caroline Dugdale, the Countess of Halsbury and her younger daughter Lady Clare Giffard, and Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer.

Also at this wedding, I saw Mr. Clive & Lady Barbara Bossom, Capt. & Mrs. Trevor Dawson, those two popular bachelors Sir Rhys Llewellyn and the Earl of Brecknock, and Miss Elizabeth Grimston and her fiancé Viscount Pollington (together right, first picture, top row)—they are getting married at the end of May. The Hon. Edward Biddulph proposed the health of the young couple to which the bridegroom replied, both brothers making brief but amusing speeches.

arranged round both rooms, with an adequate space for dancing left in the centre. Pink-and-white double tulips decorated both rooms, and an enchanting effect was created by floodlit prunus trees and skeleton magnolia leaves on the two balconies.

A band of Ceylonese musicians played during dinner and for dancing, while Ceylonese dancers and singers gave an excellent cabaret.

Mrs. Thompson Hancock looked chic in Dior's short dress of shadow roses printed on faille, and Caroline was radiant in red faille. Among the number of young people present were Miss Elizabeth Leathers, attractive in pale blue, Sir Jeremy Mostyn and his sister Joanna, Miss Carol Berry pretty in red, Miss Angela Martineau and her brother William, Miss Ursula Bulley and her brother Philip, Mr. Christopher Slater who is up at Cambridge and had just returned from the United States, Mr. John Asprey, Miss Lamorna Copple, and Caroline's sister Mrs. Richard Brew dancing happily with her tall, good-looking husband.

Plans for the polo season

With the exception of two Saturdays, polo will be played at Cowdray Park every Saturday and Sunday from the opening of the season on 3 May, right through to Cowdray Polo Week. This begins on 27 July and goes on to 3 August, when there is also polo every afternoon of the week after racing. The season continues at Cowdray to 31 August, with polo every weekend.

Polo starts in earnest with the Household Brigade Polo Club playing on Smith's Lawn in Windsor Park next Sunday, 27 April, with the first rounds of the Combermere Cup. There are then matches there every Saturday and Sunday during the season, and every evening after racing during Royal Ascot week, 16-20 June. Prince Philip began playing at the end of March and has had his team practising regularly throughout April. So far no definite plans have been announced for the visit of overseas teams, but no doubt we shall see individual players from abroad. There are now several good British teams to provide fast and exciting play and make the matches really interesting to watch.

MR. & MRS. RICHARD BERENS leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. Mrs. Berens was the Hon. Nicole Yard-Buller, daughter of Lord Churston and niece of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Jennifer describes the occasion on page 177



JENNIFER *continued*

Major & Mrs. John Bagge, who live at Stradsett Hall, near King's Lynn, gave a successful cocktail party for their pretty débutante daughter, Miss Christabel Bagge, at the Royal Automobile Club. This was another party which really went with a swing as Christabel, whose hobbies are skiing and hunting, was a tireless hostess. Many of her friends came down from Norfolk for the occasion, including Miss Fiona Birbeck, who lives at West Acre, and Miss Jane Roberts, daughter of Sir Peter Roberts, who was Master Cutler last year. These two girls were having a brief sample of a débutante's season as they do not come out until next year. Other friends there were Mr. Henry Coke, Mr. Tiggie Birbeck, Mr. John Luddington, and Miss April Bewicke, whose father trains so successfully in the north.

Miss Georgina Milner looked attractive with a shorter hair style and a charming short red brocade dress with a green waistband. I saw Miss Zia Foxwell, who came with her mother Lady Edith Foxwell and was going on to another party, Miss Rosamund Coldstream, Miss Christian Garforth-Bles, who is having her coming-out dance in August at Newton Hall, Northumberland, Miss Jennifer Charnaud and her brother Adam, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, Mr. Richard Broke and Mr. John Whittle.

Two successful exhibitions of pictures have just been held in New Bond Street. First an exhibition of water colours by Lord Northbourne at Walker's Galleries, which included many delightful flower pictures, some of which were already sold by the time I visited the show. The other one was at the Cooling Galleries where Mrs. Le Clerc Fowle exhibited nearly 50 paintings, mostly oils. At her private view there were already many

frames with little red labels stuck in the corner, denoting the work was sold. Among these was a delightfully sunny scene entitled "Picnic." Col. & Mrs. Penn Curzon-Herrick, Col. & Lady Kathleen Birnie, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher & Lady Courtney, Mrs. Edward Slesinger and Mr. Ian Murray were among those I saw admiring these pictures.

Reception for Ambassador

Lord Dudley Gordon, President of the Allied Circle, received the guests at a reception given at the Allied Circle headquarters in Green Street in honour of H.E. the Belgian Ambassador and Mme. van Meerbeke. The Ambassador and his wife, who looked chic in black with a blue mink stole, recently arrived here to take up his appointment at the Court of St. James's from Brazil, where he was representing Belgium for a number of years. They are a delightful couple who I am sure will quickly make many



friends in London. Lord Dudley, who told me he was flying to Brussels for the day for the opening of the Brussels Exhibition, made a speech welcoming the Ambassador and his wife, to which His Excellency replied.

Among those there to greet them were Mrs. McNeil Robertson, founder of the Allied Circle, attractive in black with a pale pink organza hat, and Lady Evelyn Jones who is on the Committee. The Mayor of Westminster, Sir Charles Norton, was there with Lady Norton, also the Mayor of Chelsea and Mrs. Marsden Smedley. Sir Alfred Bossom and Dr. Charles Hill with his wife had both come from the House of Commons, and I met Commandant Cuissart de Grelle of the Belgian Embassy, Monsieur Doyen, Miss Monica Michel, Mme. de Marffy-Mantuano, Lady Wakefield, Mr. & Mrs. Julius Lada-Grodzicki, and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Campbell Johnson.

Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft is once again chairman of the British-Italian dinner-dance to take place at the Savoy Hotel on May 20. Her committee includes Countess Borromeo, Viscountess Hambleden, Mrs. W. E. Lamb, Countess Manassei and Donna Vittoria Prunas. The holder of the lucky dance ticket will be entitled to a week's hospitality for two in a luxury hotel in Venice, kindly presented by the Ente Provinciale Bonvecchiati e Ufficio Comunale per il Turismo di Venezia. Tickets from Lady Dawe, British-Italian Society, 36 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

On 7 May the Duchess of Gloucester has promised to attend the Spring-in-Mayfair Ball at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the British Epilepsy Association. Tickets from Lady Ellenborough, 29 Lissenden Mansions, Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5.



GUEST Agatha Christie was guest of honour at a party to celebrate the breaking of *Chu Chin Chow's* longest-run record by her play *The Mousetrap*. Richard Attenborough (right) presented her with a souvenir, watched by John Mills



HOST In his uniform as Governor of the West Indies is Lord Hailes, with Lady Hailes. They are host and hostess to Princess Margaret during her current visit to launch the new Federal constitution. Lord Hailes was formerly Patrick Buchanan-Hepburn, Tory Chief Whip at Westminster for seven years



NEWS PORTRAITS

European royalty goes to
a Luxemburg wedding



FAMILY Two ancient noble families were united when Princess Marie-Adelaide of Luxembourg married Count Charles Joseph Henckel von Donnersmarck (*left*). *Above:* The reigning Grand Duchess of Luxembourg (the bride's mother) with Count Henckel (the groom's father)



VISITORS Royal guests from many lands came to Luxemburg. The procession after the ceremony included Princess Isabelle of Bourbon-Orleans, who nurses in Vienna, and Prince Henri of Liechtenstein (*above, left*). The bridegroom's brother, Count Winfried

Henckel, escorted (*middle picture*) the bride's sister-in-law, Hereditary Grand Duchess Josephine-Charlotte. From Holland came Princess Beatrix (*right*), escorted by the bride's brother, Hereditary Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg, heir to the reigning Grand Duchess



The Atomium, symbol of nuclear-age scientific power, dominates the Fair. It was erected by the Belgian Metal Industries

Besides an official British Government building, in which the Harwell Zeta project is featured, there is also a British Industries pavilion. Below: An industrial exhibit



City of the World Fair

Brussels, which this year will attract thousands of visitors, is one of Europe's lesser-known capitals. Here a Briton who lives there conjures up something of its special flavour and charm

by GAVIN GORDON

FROM where I live, on the forest fringe which skirts the outer ring of Brussels, I can be in France, Germany or Holland in about an hour, in Luxembourg in less than three. It is the hub of a small country which has no rugged mountain frontiers to keep it from its neighbours; which has been, through the centuries, on everybody's way everywhere, whether in war or in trade or, more particularly, in quest of a chance of exchanging ideas with people from other countries.

It is small wonder that the first impact of Brussels on the foreigner is that he is half at home as well as being quite abroad. He will be greeted, if he arrives in the evening, by the smell of chipped potatoes; but he will soon be reminded that this isn't England if he tries to buy fish with them. There is none, though the very scruffiest of chip-stalls will serve its chips with *sauce tartare* of its own making.

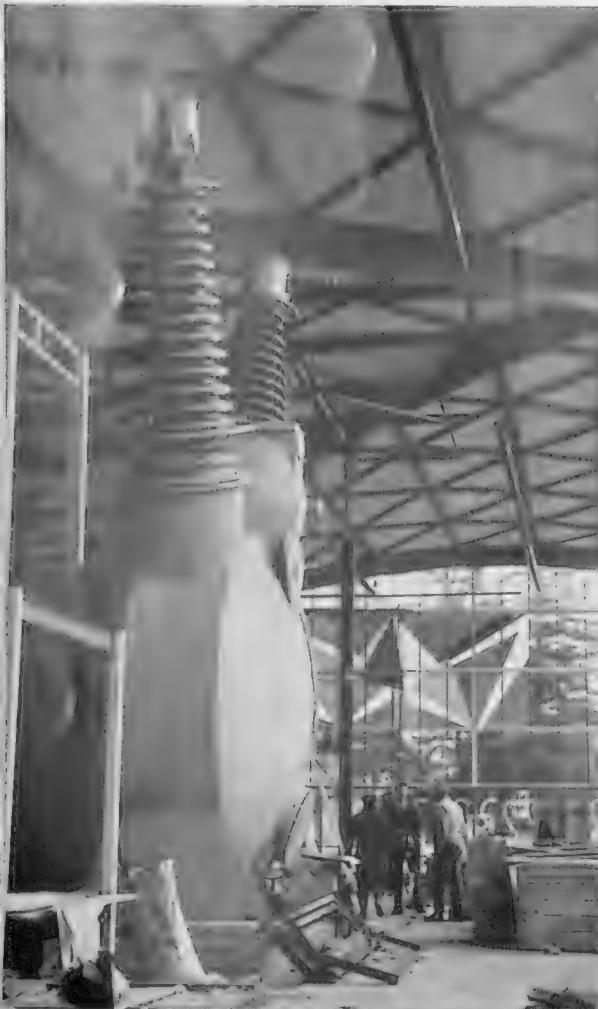
Above all, the English visitor will hear his own language. He will hear many others, too; but English is much spoken by many Belgians. Neither of their two languages, French and Dutch (Flemish), is their own exclusive possession; and theirs is a country much fought over, often occupied by foreigners, always a cross-roads for travellers, a forwarding centre for Europe's trade. Few indeed are the educated Belgians who cannot sustain a conversation in English and German. Among

the 260 hostesses of the World Exhibition, a girl had to be quite exceptional to get the job if she could offer only three languages. Your own halting French or Flemish, timidly uttered in shop or tram or to a policeman, is as likely as not to be answered in English.

Against this background the atmosphere is intensely international. When my small daughter, at the age of five, dutifully began her career at the local school, she found 14 nationalities among the several hundred children. This is true right through the social scale, and I believe one of the reasons for it is that Belgian brides don't leave home. Many indeed are the members of the liberation armies, who chose one girl for a permanency out of the Brussels gaieties, and have found themselves married to a family as well as a wife. They have obediently taken their place in it, having probably married into the family business, too.

If the brides won't budge—and not a few marriages have been broken up by their refusal—it stands to reason there is something to stay for. Two things stand out from the rest—warmth and plenitude.

You will notice the warmth wherever you go; though perhaps in summer the great stove, with its long pipe to the chimney, will no longer be lit to keep the café nearly at boiling point. Here there is no huddling in warm corners; a house without central heating is hardly a house at all, even though





THREE PAVILIONS, three nations, three styles. Left to right: The German pavilion, with foreground dominated by part of a ship's stern which suggests an abstract sculpture. The American pavilion has a



large, circular blue pool which will reflect its gilt-and-grille façade. The cylinder-shaped American building contrasts sharply with the Russian pavilion which has been compared to a gigantic refrigerator

your coal costs you £16 a ton. In a railway carriage, the voice of one traveller who wants a window shut prevails at law over ninety-nine just persons who want a breath of air. An open window is "abnormal"; even the orderly minded that is as good as saying it is wrong.

The plenitude is to be found, most of all, in the food. The cooking is nothing if not honest, the material always of the best, the meat always abundant. After all, you hardly expect a chap to work if he eats less than a pound of meat a day; a beef steak—as much the symbol of Britain as the roast beef is of England—is hardly a steak if it has not a goodly knob of butter melting on top. If you think decently, it is just as well not to say so. Just do your best, and have a bottle of beer sent up to your room.

The same plenitude can be found, too, in the shops. Seldom has there been a city where the shops teem so abundantly with merchandise from the four corners of the earth; for the country depends on selling goods abroad, and it knows it cannot sell if it does not buy. The high-falutin' shops are much as they are anywhere else; but at department-store and chain-store level, the choice of goods has all the wealth of Aladdin's cave. If you can't find the things you're used to, it usually means they've been priced out or faulted out; and you'll find much else to console you.

You cannot go far in Brussels without finding the deep-seated influence of the (Roman Catholic) Church, not only in religious life but in politics and in many other directions. In politics the Catholics are the right (or Tory) wing, and the country is about evenly divided between the political Catholics and the Socialists. It was the influence of the Church which produced Voltaire's gibe:

*A land where old Obedience sits,
Too full of Faith, devoid of Wits.*

Right: A general view of the Fair. Much work remained to be done when the Fair opened last week

But he was wrong. Well before his time Brussels had been the nursery of the great humanism of the 15th century; and today its whole system is based on toleration. Even the English churches there enjoy a subsidy from the State. In our own time, it was from Brussels that the drive came which has created the new unity of six nations in the Common Market. This is no place for ventures into economics; but it is fair to say that this is another way in which Brussels belongs to Europe.

It is a city of wide streets, brand-new four-lane underpasses, and fast-moving traffic. It is also a city of trees and of music, with a great forest within 20 minutes' tram-ride from the centre, and with more

music—from the Hot Club to the Conservatoire—than you will find anywhere. It is a city where you do your drinking sitting down in cafés rather than standing at bars, where the beer is popular, less strong than you're used to, but served good and cold.

It is a noisy city, because of the trams; but you can get away from the noise in a number of little parks which you find surprisingly in your wanderings. In one of them, the garden of the Palais d'Egmont, you will find a replica of Gilbert's statue, Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens—"presented by the children of London to the children of Brussels," and marked indeed with the flying splinters of a second world war.





ROUNDABOUT

Nostalgie de la queue

by MICHAEL WHARTON

DO nothing with this part until you are told what to do with it." Suddenly, for no reason I can think of, this sonorous line from an old ration-book, at the same time inane and vaguely menacing, came into my mind. At once I was back in those lost post-war years when Mr. Attlee was at the helm and the Ship of Welfare State rode proudly out over a tumultuous sea. Now, ten years afterwards, the epoch of Work or Want, or points and dockets, of spivs and drones, eels and butterflies, is just beginning to come within the range of nostalgia.

As everything in our lives moves faster and faster in the headlong pace of change, so fashions in nostalgia are likely to change more quickly. The Twenties, after a brief vogue, are already becoming *vieux jeu*. The Thirties and the War Years are probably good for a few months each. Then it will be the turn of the late 1940s to provide material for women's fashions, books, plays and musicals. So in my nostalgia, tinged with masochism for a lost and on the whole highly disagreeable way of life, I am only anticipating slightly.

Nostalgia is of course selective. It dwells only on those features of the period which fit into the desired pattern. In the case of the Work or Want Epoch, the selected features are mostly what you would commonly call depressing, drab and uncomfortable. There is a feeling of leaden skies and perpetual chill rain. This is what gives the period its peculiar charm—once nostalgia has got to work on it.

I first entered this atmosphere in the early part of 1946 after several years away from England. Travelling to the demobilization centre through the low green miniature country which seemed one continuous built-up area, I saw the chalked moron-face of Chad peer from a hundred walls: "Wot, no bangers?" Cigarettes and drinks were "in short supply." The women all seemed to be wearing head-scarves and thick blue serge trousers. Where two or three gathered together they instinctively shuffled themselves into a queue. There were newsbills everywhere:

"Dried Fruits Sensation!" "Mincemeat Off Ration," "Tinned Pilchards Up-pointed," "Boiled Sweets: the Truth."

It was a world permeated by the smell of cardboard, and its characteristic sound seemed the thump of the food-office clerk's rubber stamp and the shuffling feet of the queue. The representative figure of the age was "the housewife"—a figure which still lingers on even now in the drearier kind of official hand-out. Worried, resourceful, patriotic, ill-dressed, the housewife "bore the brunt." Some day, in the 1960s perhaps, women will probably be wearing clothes of fantastic elegance based on a parody of the housewife's utility mackintosh.

You begin to see how rich is the store of treasure that fashionable nostalgia will have to draw on. Food Office days: the sudden hush of collective hate as some pettily arrogant and grey-suited official calls out sharply: "Will queue M to Z join on to the back of queue G to L?" Then the utter confusion as a dog-fight breaks out under the housewives' feet and a bewildered foreigner keeps on asking if it is the Aliens' Registration Office.

Days of spiv and drone; of Mr. Bevan's famous "vermin" speech; of a thousand men in brass-buttoned blazers grumbling about the Labour Government in Sunday morning pubs; days of furniture dockets; of giant wastepaper and pig-swill collections; of British Restaurants; of a pitifully shrunken John Bull appealing from the posters in the Underground; of frantic scenes of anger in fish-queues when some fur-coated woman secured the last pair of austerity kippers.

All epochs, whether they are gay or drab, must pass away, either in catastrophe, like the world which vanished in August 1914, or by a slow transition, a gradual seeping away of their true essence, by which, when the process is complete, they are seen to have turned into something else. With the Age of Attlee, it was the Lynskey Tribunal which marked the beginning of the change. An impure note, of mockery and fantasy, had been sounded, and

THE ROUNDABOUT AUTHOR this week is one half of the popular Peter Simple column in the *Daily Telegraph*. He is publishing a novel in June which will be called *Sheldrake*

Austerity never seemed quite the same again. The way was open for the movement into the gayer, more strident, dangerous and baffling age of the Fifties.

At its purest, the Work or Want Age had a sad, etiolated poetry which the novelists of the Attlee Revival in the Sixties will skilfully distil in works of period charm. Designers will make the most of fuel-office interiors where portraits of Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek still droop from the yellow walls, of prefabs, of British Railways self-service refreshment rooms. Collectors will pay high prices for utility clothes and saucepans, old ration books, bags of compressed coke-and-sawdust "briquettes." Rich people will give wonderful austerity parties, with British Restaurant food and the amusing pretence that the drinks, in fact overflowing, are "in short supply." There will be a wonderful musical which will run for six years, or until the last would-be sophisticate from Cape Wrath or Amlwch has seen it.

Love On Points will have everything. A romantic blackmarket background of twelve million bottles of surplus Welfare Orange Juice at the bottom of a disused lead mine in Derbyshire, a secret known only to the incorruptible Food Office manager jealous of his gay points-loving young wife. The plot turns on his discovery of a pair of illicit weekend temporary ration cards. There are dragonish female rationing officials; comic speculators in ground nuts; a party stranded in a nightmarish country hotel at the height of the great Freeze-up of February, 1947. At the final curtain the lovers embrace as the power-station sheds the load, and the electric fire (one bar only) goes out.

The great thing about nostalgia, of course, is that it is impossible to return in fact to what one longs for. I certainly hope so in this case.



BRIGGS

by Graham

THE TRINITY BEAGLES

hold a ball in London

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY'S PACK, the Trinity Foot Beagles, had their annual ball at Londonderry House. Left: Mr. H. Wiggin, shortly going up to Cambridge, and Miss Caroline Seebohm, a débutante. Right: Miss Diane Robinson with Mr. Russell Butler



Miss Nigel Franklin, a drama student, and Mr. Frank Messervy, of Trinity. Mr. Messervy is son of General Sir Frank Messervy



Miss Barbara Ridley-Day, a singer, and Mr. Martin Mays-Smith, who is with a banking firm



Mr. David Fleming, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Miss Susanna Crawley. Miss Crawley is a débutante



Mr. Geoffrey Adams, of King's, Miss Jane Proctor, a secretary, Miss Elizabeth Scrope (sister of one of the joint-Masters), Mr. John Bridgeman who is in the Army, and Miss Caroline Craven-Smith-Milnes, a débutante



Mr. Harry Bott and Mr. Simon Scrope, the joint-Masters of the Trinity Foot Beagles. With them are Miss Sarah Fox, a receptionist, and Miss Susan Spencer-Nairn, from Canada

Mr. J. Skinner, the Trinity whip, sounds the hunting horn. With him is Miss Mary Sealey, a student

Miss Virginia Baiss and Mr. Ted Harvey, who recently left the R.A.C., Cirencester. He is an amateur jockey

Miss Sarah Cleverley, of Girton, and Mr. Adrian Sanders, who was at Cambridge. They are talking to bandleader Mr. Jack Barker

Desmond O'Neill



RIDING Stowell Park Horse Trials



SIR HUGH AND LADY ARBUTHNOT taking a fence during the Open Pairs event in the Horse Trials at Stowell Park, the home of the Dowager Lady Vestey. Sir Hugh Arbuthnot is Master of the Cotswold Hunt. The trials were organized by Mr. John Sheldon. In the Open class, the winner was Miss Sheila Willcox



Fielden, wife of Air Commodore Sir Edward Fielden (right) and Mrs. Eric Greenwood, who lives near Gloucester



Major E. P. Barker, from the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt, with Mrs. Alec Scott, Mr. J. Scott, and Col. D. Smyley (seated)



Lady Violet Vernon and her son Richard. They come from the Beaufort country

Lady Vestey presented a rosette to Miss E. Broome, of the Curre's Hunt, winner of the Junior Foxhunter event. Lady Vestey is the president of the trials

Miss Deirdre and Miss Denise Butler, both followers of the Isle of Wight Hunt. Miss Denise Butler's horse Punch VI was ridden in the Junior Foxhunter Competition



RIDING The Cowdray Point-to- point



THE COWDRAY HUNT point-to-point meeting was held at Cowdray Park, Midhurst. Above: Lt.-Col. O. L. Boord, secretary of the Cowdray



Squadron Leader N. Carter who rode Mr. D. E. L. Parson's Mrs. McCooey in the Adjacent Hunts Steeplechase. There were six races on the card



Major General Reginald William Madoc with M. P. C. Ainslie. General Madoc, a former A.F.C. to the Queen, is M.G.R.M., Plymouth



Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C. (right), the former Attorney-General. Left to right: Miss Elizabeth Heald, his daughter, Mervyn, his son, and Mrs. Mervyn



Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray. The meeting was in the grounds of their home, like the Cowdray Polo Week

The four daughters of the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Theresa Jane Fitzalan-Howard, Lady Sarah Margaret Fitzalan-Howard, Lady Mary Katharine Fitzalan-Howard, and Lady Anne Elizabeth Fitzalan-Howard

Van Maanen



Miss Rosemary McShane, Mrs. H. G. McShane, Mrs. H. J. Clarke and Mr. H. G. McShane. Mr. McShane's son, Lt.-N. McShane, rode his own horse Adagio in the Royal Marine Regimental Steeplechase



AS HOGARTH SAW IT: An illustration from *The Rake's Progress*. Rakewell, having lost another fortune, flings himself on the floor in a paroxysm of despair and misery

BY NIGEL BUXTON

Like the stage censorship and the licensing hours, Britain's gambling laws languish in need of reform that never comes



When the Englishman bets

LORD MACKINTOSH has given the public this month an account of the progress of Premium Bonds. He announced that money attracted by this new outlet for speculation now amounts to no less than £150 million. Within a few days of this statement, a public account was given of another outlet for speculation—a game of *chemin de fer*, conducted by Mr. John Aspinall. The difference was that Mr. Aspinall had to give his account in court, where he was charged (and later acquitted) with breaking the law.

No wonder Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, the Q.C., has called the British law on betting "a jungle." As long ago as 1932 a Royal Commission reported that the gambling laws are "evaded, ignored or treated with contempt." A further Royal commission has sat since then, but seven years after its report was presented, the law remains the same—as obscure, confused and illogical as ever.

It is legal to ring a bookie and make a bet on credit, but illegal to call at his office and place a credit bet there. It is legal to wire a bet, but illegal to do so with the cash. It is illegal to pay cash with a bet in the bookmaker's office, but if you meet him accidentally in any other place and hand him the money no crime has been committed, since he did not go there for the purpose of receiving payment. As for cards, since any game played for money offends the law, there is scarcely a club in the land or a

carriage on a City men's train on the London-to-Brighton railway that does not have its daily complement of criminals.

With more than £70 million a year being "invested" in football pools and miners winning £200,000-odd for sixpence, it does seem at least inequitable to a sporting nation that a few fair women and brave men cannot gather in Mayfair or Belgravia for a quiet game of *chemin de fer* without the fire escapes and drainpipes being festooned with uninvited and informally dressed gentlemen from Scotland Yard.

But in England those in authority, even when they have been willing to countenance gambling for the State—as the present Government sponsors Premium Bonds—have always sought to control gambling by the individual. Altogether some 35 Acts of Parliament have been passed since 1541, for the prohibition or restriction of gambling in all its forms. As far back as 1190 Crusaders were warned against excessive indulgence in dice, and in 1240 the Council of Worcester in its 38th canon, forbade the clergy the game.

But the instinct runs deep, and by the 18th century people bet on every kind of contest from "The Fancy" to races between performing fleas. "Because Beau Nash had bet that he could, a man ran himself to death to make the journey from Bath to London and back within a specified time . . ." said a contemporary

report. "Lord Stavordale," said another, "not one-and-twenty lost eleven thousand at Almack's last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard . . ." Gibbon tells us how he watched Fox lose £200 an hour for 22 hours on end, and Walpole wrote to Thomas Mann that the loss of £100,000 at a sitting was not rare enough to be surprising. This when a pound was worth a pound!

Even a generation ago there were such headlines (in 1922) as "MONTE CARLOS OF MAYFAIR. WEST END TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY."

Excesses of this kind have always supplied moralists with their texts, and helped to sustain a powerful body of sincere opinion, in opposition to any major reform of our gambling laws. Even among those who favour reform, few would agree on how the laws might be changed. If I can buy a Premium Bond at a post office counter, why should I not be able to go to a betting shop in order to put five shillings each way on my fancy for the 2.30 at Cheltenham? If I can speculate legally in stocks and shares, why should the office boy not play pitch-and-toss for pennies in the lunch hour?

"From the point of view of logical consistency alone," said one of the Royal Commissions, "and without recourse to past experience, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find adequate justification for permitting organized gambling in one form but not in another."

But both Commissions agreed that the State should aim at restricting such gambling facilities "as can be shown to have serious social consequences if not checked." In other words, there is more to it than "logical consistency" alone. Because of this, and in spite of the evident and ludicrous anomalies of the gambling laws, it is all of Littlewoods to the tote takings at your local point-to-point, that no government in the foreseeable future, will make any serious attempt at reform. Along with drink and religion, betting is a legislative subject that is about as welcome to Parliament as sour milk is to a well-bred Persian cat. So many emotions are aroused and so many pressure groups are formed, that the lobbies at Westminster are liable to look like the five-shilling enclosure on Derby Day, and only the most gallant of honourable members dare appear.

Meanwhile Mr. Aspinall, I see, goes to Monte Carlo for Easter. If there were a casino at Clacton and a *salon-de-boule* at Blackpool-superior perhaps he and many of his countrymen would stay at home. As the director of one of the Continent's most accessible and popular casinos said to me the other day: "It will be a sad day for us if ever you change your crazy laws."



THE CHAIRMAN
Now Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, Sir Henry Willink was chairman of the 1949 Royal Commission



THE WITNESS
In evidence before the last Royal Commission, Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, Q.C., called the gambling laws "a jungle"



THE AUTHOR
At 34 Mr. Buxton, writer and traveller, has seen two Royal Commissions on gambling but still no reforms



THE HARPENDEN branch of the Young Conservatives held a Spring Ball at Harpenden that drew nearly 400 members and guests. Among them were (above) Miss Morna Maclean, Miss Rosy Decup, on a visit from Cannes, Mr. John Barker, who is with a London furriers, Miss Jillienne Evans, a model, and (standing) Mr. Alan Sanders who is with a clothing and ribbons firm



Mr. Bruce Montgomery-Smith played a piano solo. He is a student of civil engineering at University College, London



Mr. Martin Evans, a prizewinner, Mr. Peter Borrett, raffle organizer, Mrs. Gray, wife of the Harpenden Conservative Association chairman



Viscountess Davidson, the local Conservative M.P., was at the ball, and danced with her husband, Viscount Davidson

Mr. J. C. Putterill, a former chairman, with Miss Alfreda Waterfall, a physiotherapist, Miss Marjorie Davidson, from Jersey, Mr. Richard Penfold who is with a City timber agency

Van Hallan

Mr. Christopher Grenside, chairman of the Harpenden Young Conservatives, and Miss Anne Broughton

A request for a dance from Miss Barbara Edmonds and Mr. David Traherne, an engineering student



Harpenden Young Tories have a ball



BERNARD BUFFET's strange paintings, which recall El Greco, have brought him rapid fame and wealth in France (including a much-publicised Rolls-Royce). He is shown here in the Provençal studio where he does most of his work. The mounted figure is a medieval wooden sculpture

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

End of an expedition

THERE had been quite a pleasant sunset; not exactly in the "shepherd's delight" category but colourful enough to permit hopes for the best! We started off next morning bright and early, a young cousin, a still younger new wife, an even newer car and my decidedly older self. Our hopes had not come true. It had snowed in the night, the grassy embankments that border the western *autoroute* were heavily powdered, the road surface had a sinister gleam. The young cousin is not an experienced driver. Having driven, myself, every kind of motor vehicle boasting four or more wheels, between 1940 and '45, I was not happy. I closed my eyes and hoped that the worst might happen opportunely. It did at Dreux where there are adequate garages and a pleasant hotel. There is also an excellent train service back to town. I left the children in good hands—after all they could always go and interview the Comte de Paris or visit the Chapelle Royale de Saint-Louis—and got home to enjoy a cosy fire, a heavenly cuppa and to toast a cold "hot cross bun" left over from Good Friday.

Paris may have been empty of Parisians, but there were crowds of visitors. Predominant were hundreds of pleasant young people from Britain who seemed to enjoy even their rather formal reception at the *Hôtel de Ville*, where the band of the Republican Guard played for them. Bare-headed, bare-legged and rosy-cheeked, blazers a-blazing, kilts a-swinging, and summery skirts a-fluttering in the chill breeze that blew across the Seine into the Champs de Mars, they afterwards made the traditional visit to *la*

Tour Eiffel. The good old tower that Paris pretends to laugh at, but that she would miss so terribly if an evil genie whisked it away. All the year round, on weekdays and *fête* days, by rain or snow or sunshine, cameras click in its honour. Postcards and photographs can be bought to satiety but visiting tourists prefer to have their own version of the Old Lady in her openwork frock of iron lace.

It is a pity that Easter visitors missed the unique, private collection of mementoes that was shown at the Pierre Bailly Galerie last winter. Ugly absurdities, but amusing in their ridiculous way. A three-foot model made of glass, an inkpot, an oil lamp, nut-crackers, scent bottles and—valued at 10,000 francs—a drinking-glass of which the stem represented the tower.

Crowds also at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which echoed with the soft sibilancy of respectful whispers that were, nevertheless, too noisy. Queues to visit Napoleon's tomb and the Louvre and climb the steep steps that take one to the roof of the *Arc de Triomphe*. But above all, making the most of the occasional splashes of sunshine, throngs of sightseers were sauntering along the *Champs-Elysées* or sitting at the sidewalk tables of the cafés. Despite the weather, high above the city, "on" Montmartre at the *Place du Tertre*, there was not a table to be found at any of the open-air restaurants; but, then, who other than our hardy visitors fra' the north really wanted to lunch in the open air? I hear, however, that at Deauville, Cuevas and Lifar met at the *Bar du Soleil* in all amity and

lunched together in a ray of sunshine. Their serio-comic duel is ancient history by now, but it still gives rise to amused comment by the *chansonniers*. They are inclined to agree with the Duke of Wellington's remark referring to the probability of a duel between two British officers as being "a matter of no consequence."

French stay-at-homes, during the last weekend, have stoked up their fires and settled down to enjoy the French translation of: *Gerald. A Portrait*—Daphne du Maurier's remarkable biography of her father. What have translators and publishers been thinking of? The book was written in 1934. Why wait so long to give Miss du Maurier's innumerable admirers in this country the French version that is as great a best-seller as all her other novels that have been translated. M. René Lalou, the eminent critic, writes: "The portrait, *Gerald*, is painted by his daughter with a love that her discernment enhances and he still remains for us, today, a most attaching personality." I have never met M. Lalou but I like to think that he may have been a teenager when he saw Gerald du Maurier in *Raffles*, and perhaps even smaller when he quaked as he heard the threatening tones of the evil Captain Hook. I like to go all sentimental at times!

Another and different kind of best-seller is Georges Simenon's latest "black" novel. Black in every sense of the word. The story is sombre, the psychology dark and one of the personages is a Negro. It is entitled *Le Nègre* and is one of the finest of the many fine books that Simenon has written. Because so many of his stories have been classified as "thrillers" Simenon does not hold the rank he deserves as a writer in the estimation of the masses—in his own country at all events—and this although André Gide himself has predicted that "some day he will be acknowledged as one of the greatest of literary novelists." *Le Nègre* is no more a whodunit than was *The Snow Is Black*. I suppose that it will be translated in English—perhaps it is already on the bookstalls—but readers who understand French, even imperfectly, will find it worth while to have a shot at the original version; they can always fill in the gaps afterwards!

To live in a room with many mirrors is rather a strain, but to spend hours in a room hung with 185 portraits of oneself, must be enough to drive one crackers! Yet Suzy Solidor survives and so do the guests who patronize her well-known cabaret in the rue de Balzac. It is true, that while Suzy is singing her sea shanties in her deep, rich voice we look at her and not at the paintings that decorate her walls, in what might be described as mass-formation, but she is not singing all the time and during the *entr'actes* we have eyefuls of Suzy by Kisling, by van Dongen, by Foujita, Marie Laurencin, Dufy and our old Maestro Tutti Quant! A grand collection, but I think she still lacks a Bernard Buffet (see picture above). I wonder what Suzy will do with them when she retires? However, there is time for that. Her show is better than ever with sketches by Henri Bry and Renée Passeur—who has become a red-head and looks wonderful—in a brilliant *tour de chant*.

Explorers at a dinner



THE BRITISH SCHOOLS EXPLORING SOCIETY held a dinner and ball at the Dorchester, at which Prince Philip was guest of honour. Another guest was Lord Cilcennin, former First Lord of the Admiralty. Above: Lady Killearn, chairman of the ball committee, and Sir Robert Craigie



Mrs. H. I. Cozens, Mr. Peter Scott, the artist and ornithologist, and Mrs. D. R. Patterson



Major Glyn Owen, chairman of the Schools Exploring Society, with Lady Norton and Sir Charles Norton, Mayor of Westminster

Mr. & Mrs. H. S. Scott, Lady Harcourt and Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt. The admiral is one of the patrons of the Society



Miss Anne Nicholson and Mr. John McLeod Hatch

Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Bailey were two more of the guests



Princess Osterlind zu Wied and Mr. Christopher Gibbs

Mr. R. T. Fowler-Farkas and Miss Joan Prust-Walters





THE
TATLER

At a co



Miss Elizabeth Ward and Mr. Peter Luttmann-Johnson. Miss Ward, a voluntary secretary with Miss Sue Ryder, is secretary to two M.P.s Mr. Boyd-Carpenter and Sir Peter Agnew



Miss Helen Crampton and Miss Catherine Hawke, who are both débütantes this year

Mr. Brit Hansen with two Polish women, wearing national costume, who took part in wartime Resistance. The man is a concentration-camp survivor



Souvenir scrolls were distributed. Here Miss Myrna Baskerville-Glegg takes one from the little daughters of Polish wartime Resistance workers now in Germany. With her is Mr. Dick Craig



THE BALL was held at Melford Hall, Suffolk, the home of Lady Hyde Parker and Sir Richard Hyde Parker. It was in aid of Miss Sue Ryder's wa

Miss Helen Crampton and Mr. Brit Hansen were able to wander through any country mansion, which was open



country house ball



work for "our foreign allies," survivors of concentration and prisoner-of-war camps who are now living in Germany. Melford Hall is just off the A134 road

Christopher Reeves. Guests
of the house include many of the rooms in this
adlit for the occasion

Miss Karolinka Balinska, daughter of Count and Countess Balinski, dancing with Mr. George Bathurst Norman, son of the Hon. Mrs. Bathurst Norman



Miss Sue Ryder with Lady Hyde Parker and Mr. J. G. Eve. Miss Ryder had brought some of the refugees to England on a holiday and they came to the dance in their national costumes



Brig. Michael Carver, who is Director of Plans at the War Office, with Mrs. Carver

Débutante Miss Elisabeth Hyde Parker, who is having a dance at Melford Hall on 11 October, with Mr. George Eve, whose home is Layer Breton Hall, Essex

A. V. Sweebe



THEATRE

The finger of suspicion

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

Joyce Anderson (Jennifer Wright) is the perfect secretary to a harassed Yorkshire business man



Mr. GEORGE ROSS and Mr. Campbell Singer in *Any Other Business* at the Westminster have seized on a new subject for the stage—the take-over bid. Possibly you have only a hazy notion of how the thing is supposed to work. However, you must not on that account miss a play which is not only engrossing as a craftily constructed whodunit, but also as a conflict of wills fought out tooth and nail. All you need to know about a particularly tricky financial operation is conveyed painlessly—indeed excitingly—in the course of the double drama.

A Yorkshire textile firm, smug in its policy of high reserves and low dividends, finds one day that 40 per cent of its shares have been bought by a rival company. There is consternation in the board room. Directors, who have been making each other the cosily complimentary speeches to which businessmen basking in assured prosperity are apparently prone, suddenly become hard-headed fighting animals. The firm has a fine trading turnover, a valuable stock of cheaply acquired raw material and big investments. It is nevertheless in danger of extinction. By offering shareholders one-third more for their shares than the market price, the

rivals hope to secure control of the company, dismiss the present board and make themselves a huge capital gain. In deciding by a majority to fight this unscrupulous bid the threatened directors are swayed by various motives—some by pride in an old family business, some by natural combativeness, some by self-interest, but only the chairman by regard for the interests of the shareholders.

Sir Norman has the special prestige conferred by big dealings in the City, and he sees clearly that the shareholders would stand to benefit if the board representing them spent its energies not in fighting the rival company but in negotiating an amalgamation. He is overruled and before he leaves to look after a dangerously ill wife his colleagues have worked out a scheme for ridding themselves of their all too attractive reserves by using them to form a new company. This dubious plan is torpedoed at once. The makers of the take-over bid hear of it and are prepared to take out an injunction against it. It thus becomes apparent to the board that there is a traitor in their midst. Until they can find out who it is their hands are tied, and time is running out.

All these businessmen are human enough to

give hostages to suspicion. The mill manager is harassed and uncertain, the jaunty sales director has always been in trouble with the accountant about his exorbitant expense demands, the elderly textile designer has a somewhat unnatural passion for expurgating fairy tales of the cruelty so harmful to children, the managing director is capable but hard enough to be capable of anything, the M.P. appointed for his Westminster contacts whimsically makes no bones about being infernally hard-up, and as for Sir Henry, the great City big-wig, he has made before his departure a telephone call which would damn a lesser man.

And the directors, a tough lot, are not deterred by Sir Henry's impressive City reputation. They draw what seems the inescapable conclusion from the secret telephone call. Taking advantage of the traitor's absence they make a further dubious move in share warfare; only to find that this move also has been reported to the enemy. They have still to put their finger on the traitor at the board-room table. The ruse which finally exposes the double dealer is neat enough, but the chief interest of the play, in the end as in the beginning, is the financial threats and parries of the fight to save the company. When the characters talk about their private lives they are banal and unconvincing, but as company directors at work they are quite well enough differentiated to keep us keenly alive to the difficulties with which they are coping. They have the same sort of stage life in them that Galsworthy used to give his lawyers, and watching them in action audiences will find, I think, that company law is made quite as exciting as stage lawyers usually make criminal law. The counter to the take-over bid, when it comes, is more nearly the play's true climax than the spotting of the traitor.

The actors—all but the efficient secretary men—handle the piece expertly. Mr. Raymond Huntley, quietly authoritative as usual, is the chairman, Mr. Ralph Michael the driving force behind the board, Mr. John Barron and Mr. Richard Vernon serve the story equally well by appearing crisply and flaccidly suspicious and Mr. John Boxer is good as the irrepressible sales manager.



"ANY OTHER BUSINESS" (Westminster Theatre). Seven men are puzzled by one question. Which one has betrayed the board-room secrets? Right to left: Geoffrey Harrison, chief accountant and secretary (John Barron), Harry Dodds, manager and director (Trevor Reid), Julian Armstrong, managing director (Ralph Michael), Sir Norman Tullis, chairman (Raymond Huntley), Charles Parkin, M.P., director (Richard Vernon), Malcolm Turnbull, sales director (John Boxer) and Jonathon Travis, chief designer and director (Oliver Johnston)

Shakespeare and Rattigan



AT STRATFORD this season, Dorothy Tutin is playing Juliet in Glen Byam Shaw's production of *Romeo & Juliet*. With her as Romeo is Richard Johnson. Both are playing these roles for the first time. Also in this production is Angela Baddeley as the nurse



AT MANCHESTER this month, Terence Rattigan's new play *Variations On A Theme* had its first night. Left: Terence Rattigan with Margaret Leighton, who plays Rose Fish, the leading character. The play opens at London's Globe Theatre on May 8, after visiting Brighton and two suburban theatres

BOOKS IN
PICTURES

Writers
and
artists



COMMANDER WILLIAM KING, who was a submarine commander throughout the war, has written his memoirs *The Stick And The Stars* (Hutchinson, 15s.). An important autobiography *The Mist Procession* (Hutchinson, 35s.) is by the late Lord Vansittart (above, centre). Sir Joshua Reynolds, shown in an early self-portrait (this page, right), is the subject of a new

biography by Derek Hudson (Bles, 35s.). The mosaic (opposite) is of Bishop Maximian in the church of San Vitale and comes from *Ravenna Mosaics* by Giuseppe Bovini (George Rainbird, £7 7s.). *Epstein, a camera study of the artist at work*, by Geoffrey Ireland with an introduction by Laurie Lee (Andre Deutsch Ltd., £2 15s.); a detail (far right) from a plaster figure of St. Michael

CINEMA

Miss Loren drags out the gloom

by ELSPETH GRANT

MURRAY EUGENE O'NEILL's grim drama of covetousness and lust on a New England farmstead, *Desire Under The Elms*, has been expanded for the screen by Mr. Irwin Shaw, produced by Mr. Don Hartman and directed by Mr. Delbert Mann. It makes a pretty bleak and depressing film, in which the play's echoes of Greek tragedy are lost among the snarlings and bickerings of a set of characters as vicious and tricky as weasels.

Mr. Burl Ives, contriving to look like hoary sensualist and a minor prophet combined, plays the harsh, close-fisted New England farmer, a widower of 76 and the father of three sons (two by his first wife, one by his second) whom he cordially despises. They all hate him; the youngest and most weasely, Mr. Anthony Perkins, whose consuming ambition is to own the farm, hates him most.

When Mr. Ives absents himself on some mysterious mission, Mr. Perkins steals money from his father's secret hoard and bribes his brothers into signing away their shares in the property: laughing like maniacs, they light out for California—leaving Mr. Perkins to cope with the old man and the new young wife they are told he has acquired. She is Signorina Sophia Loren, a beautiful but bad-tempered-looking Italian girl who has only married Mr. Ives because she is obsessed with the idea of possessing a home of her very own.

By promising to bear Mr. Ives a worthier son, she extracts from the old monster a vow that he will make over all his property to her then, in a business-like though far from cold-blooded way, she sets about seducing Mr. Perkins. In due course she gives birth to a boy. It is, of course, Mr. Perkins's child, but Mr. Ives, in his prodigious vanity, has not the slightest suspicion of this.

Later Mr. Ives seeks out Mr. Perkins and tells him that Signorina Loren, having as promised produced a son to inherit the farm, wants Mr. Perkins dispossessed. The two men fight furiously and Mr. Perkins is having the worst of it when Signorina Loren rushes in to separate them. Though she has undoubtedly saved his life, Mr. Perkins bitterly upbraids her for tricking him out of his inheritance. He will leave the farm and never see her again.

This is more than Signorina Loren can bear for she is by now in love with Mr. Perkins. To prove her love, she kills their child. Horrified by this atrocious deed, Mr. Perkins goes off to find the sheriff. This gives him time for thought and a change of heart. He returns to beg her forgiveness and to share her punishment as he has shared her guilt.

This last-minute decision would have been more convincing if the character Mr. Perkins presents had not seemed ignoble throughout. Signorina Loren, however, rising magnificently above a bad case of miscasting, gives a fine, strong, sultry, passionate performance—her best to date. Even so, the picture is curiously unmoving and as she wandered with her lover over the hill to the jailhouse I felt nothing but relief: thank goodness, we'd come to the end of the eminently gloomy story.

Admirers of Mr. Robert Mitchum, who may have noted with regret that he is getting a little long in the tooth, will be charmed to discover, from *Thunder Road*, that he has a 16-year-old son, Mr. Jim Mitchum, who looks remarkably like him and acts in precisely the same laconic, dead-pan style. Speaking personally, one Mr. Mitchum at a time is enough, thank you.

In this film, based on a story by Mr. Robert Mitchum, Mr. J. Mitchum plays Mr. R. Mitchum's

younger brother—and very credible he is, too. They are members of a Kentucky family which, like every other family in them thar hills, is profitably engaged in making moonshine whiskey. Pop (Mr. Trevor Bardette) runs the illicit still, Mr. R. Mitchum transports the liquor in a specially designed car to Memphis, Tennessee, and Mom (Miss Frances Koon) frets beside her ironing board because her younger boy, Mr. J. Mitchum, aspires to the same dangerous job.

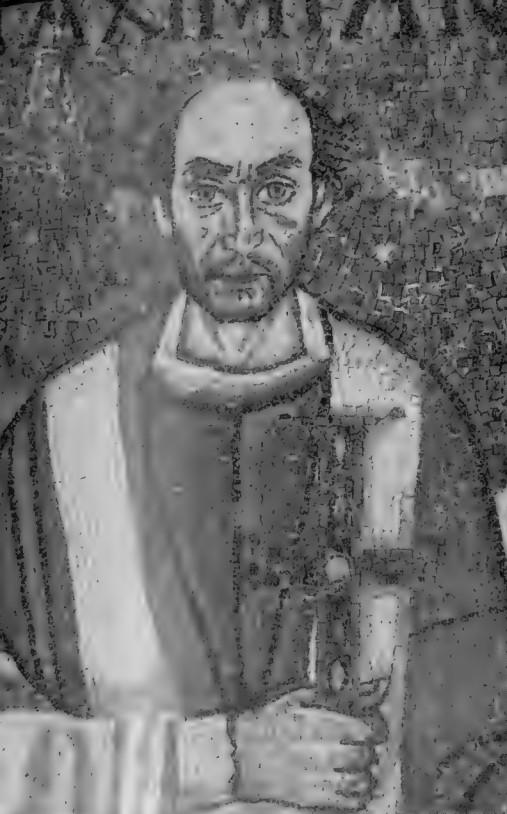
A hoodlum from Detroit (Mr. Jacques Aubuchon), bent on taking over the moonshine business from the local inhabitants, hires professional assassins to get rid of Mr. R. Mitchum. On his last trip Mr. R. Mitchum's car comes up against a nasty little row of double spikes which diverts it from the highway into a pylon—and Mr. R. Mitchum is electrocuted.

Mr. J. Mitchum, sobered by his brother's death, decides to be a law-abiding citizen and earn an honest living as a garage mechanic.

Mr. Edward R. Murrow pays a warm, sincere and touching tribute to Mr. Louis Armstrong, the king of jazz trumpeters, in *Satchmo The Great*—a pleasing documentary, revealing him as a dedicated musician and an endearingly simple character.



SOPHIA LOREN gives "her best performance to date" in *Desire Under The Elms*, says Elspeth Grant



BOOK REVIEWS

M Faulkner raises a laugh

by LIZABETH BOWEN

THE first volume of William Faulkner's collected stories is *Uncle Willy And Other Stories* (Gollancz & Windus, 15s.). As you will understand, the gathering-up of this great Southerner's tales is important—the 1949 award, to him, of the Nobel Prize for literature, set a seal on Faulkner's position. He stands right at the top, and may be the most influential of living novelists. Fame does, however, breed an attendant myth. There is a tendency to consider Faulkner as an artist dealing largely in gloom and violence. The short stories correct that one-sided view. In this volume comedy holds sway.

An exuberant raciness predominates, plus rich local colour. Often, the narrator is a young boy—the junior Grier tells, in "Shingles For The Lord," how Pap inadvertently burns down the local church; and, in "Two Soldiers," of his own dogged attempt to follow his brother Pete into the army. "Shall Not Perish"—no comedy, but sublimely human—deals, in the youngster's words, with Pete's heroic death, and the reaction to it in the village community. In "Uncle Willy" (one of the Faulkner "classics"), we have a grand old reprobate tearing around the skies in a small plane he cannot learn to control, thereby defeating the do-goods' plans to reform him. We meet yet another sinner in Uncle Rodney, in the family story entitled "That Will Be Fine."

Here or there, the scene of a story shifts. We have New York, Virginia or California. But mainly the locale is "the Faulkner country"—the State of Mississippi, accounted "backward." The astuteness, nerve, guts of this pack of characters, their majestic background, their well-nigh Biblical language make one

wonder—is there so very much in "progress"?

A striking novel by Elizabeth Lake is *Siamese Counterpart* (Cresset Press, 15s.). The scene, as the title suggests, is modern Siam. The story opens with the arrival at Bangkok airport of Audrey Escott, a pretty and charming girl who has flown from England to join her lover—Dick Verity, go-ahead young doctor working, at present, for the Thai government. Is Dick wholeheartedly glad that she has come? The reader begins to wonder, and so does Audrey. He is, to say the least of it, preoccupied.

Out here, new schemes are afoot; things are moving fast. Dick has had the offer of taking over a new sanatorium, up-country, in the north of Siam. It proves to be a condition of his appointment that he have a "counterpart" of Thai nationality. A Thai princess, who is also a woman doctor, is, it transpires, to play this rôle. Rosukon combines, with extreme efficiency, aristocratic poise and enchanting beauty.

Audrey, though not without misgivings, decides to go with the medical party. Rosukon's friendliness to her does much to mitigate the somewhat gaunt daily life in the sanatorium—which is still half-built, in chaos, and so far empty of patients. The situation is tense and unsatisfactory. The uneasy trio is joined by stout, hot-tempered and decidedly sentimental Ted, a British botanist with a sideline in ancient ruins. Ted has fallen in love with Audrey at a Bangkok party; he is convinced she is having a poor deal.... So, the four-sided drama plays itself out. The magical loveliness of the country, as evoked by Miss Lake, adds to the reader's pleasure in the story. The author (who also wrote *The Lovers Disturbed* and *The First*

Rebellion) has, I see, been praised for her character-drawing, and certainly in *Siamese Counterpart* she creates for us people we shall not quickly forget.

Yet another book for your fiction list is James Welland's *Conversations With A Witch* (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.) In a downland cottage outside a Wiltshire village dwells a recluse as queer as any may come—old Bedelia Jaques, cantankerous Irishwoman. At her door arrives the narrator, one Captain Middleton, on what has, till now, been an unrewarding quest. Middleton's friend John Burnside, young British painter, had, before his death after the 1944 Rhine crossing, charged the survivor to care for the woman he'd loved. He has reason to think she had borne him a son.

Knit up, also, with that brief love affair had been the painting of a tremendous series of pictures, which the dead John's father, powerful Lord Purfleet, wishes to enshrine in a memorial gallery.... Can this fierce old scarecrow, the "Irish Witch," have been the inspiring woman of that long-ago idyll? Through a series of evenings, the truth emerges. This is a poignant novel, bold, and deeply original: it should add to its author's reputation.

Blanche, a long romance by Nicolas de Crosta (Barrie Books, 16s.), increases in interest as it goes along. Here is a character-study of an American woman—pretty, pampered, high-handed, conventional—seen against the fulminous, clouded background of 20th-century Germany's changing fate. We begin, in the early 1900's, when Blanche, heiress daughter of stout old Yankee "J.J.", marries young Baron von Eichen, a Prussian Guards officer, scion of an enormous landowning family. Our heroine's wealth, and ambitiousness, set a fast pace.

First comes the first World War, and the upheavals that followed; then Blanche, with incredulous eyes, watches her grown-up children's drift to the Nazi party. Widowed, she consoles herself with discreet love affairs. What—one might wonder—still holds her to Germany? Blanche stays on, to be engulfed by the second World War and witness the dying agonies of Berlin, scene of her bridal gaieties. Shallow she may be, yet we see in her egotism the bone of courage. Events combine to make *Blanche* an impressive book.

Couture for the country

SARTORIAL tragedies too often mar the countryside—pearls with duffel coats, shapeless tweeds of an early vintage, or an obvious raid on the man of the family's wardrobe. The sight of a ploughed furrow seems apt to put the Englishwoman's dress sense off balance. Three London couturiers show how it is possible to be feminine, practical and decorative when taking time off out of town



Above: Michael teams a tobacco-brown jerkin with a knitted skirt. It buttons down the back and is an efficient wind-cheater. The tweed suit was tailored by Benson Perry & Whitley, Ltd.



Right: Charles Creed also decrees suede for the country. His honey-beige jacket of Bolton silk suede is worn with a toning pleated jersey skirt. Simone Mirman made the matching suede beret



Michel Molinare

Victor Stiebel's suit in oatmeal herringbone tweed has an easy-fitting jacket, carelessly tied on the hip-line. Smart but practical, it provides comfort without sloppiness



Summer shades

Left: Made of "Diadem" Emba natural pale brown mutation mink, S. London's double-breasted bolero has wide mandarin sleeves, a yoked back and a wide shawl collar. Pleated silk hat by R. M. Hats

Below left: "Jasmine" Emba natural white mutation mink (the skins are bred this unblemished shade, not bleached) is used by Albert Hart for this luxurious wrap-across jacket with a wide shawl neck-line

Below right: One-sleeved stole in "Diadem" Emba natural pale brown mutation mink. It can be worn in a variety of ways and never slips off. A Deanfield model costing less than £400. Jewellery by Marshall & Snelgrove

Opposite: Bradleys use "Diadem" Emba natural pale brown mutation mink in the palest of golden-blonde shades for this jacket cut with a circular movement, the working of the skins following the line of the collar and revers



n mink

THE season of "little" furs is approaching. The current vogue is for pale golden colours—pastels ranging from creamy white to deep honey. Emba minks offer a wonderful variety of mutations, making them a perfect choice for a fur to be worn over a light dress on summer occasions. All shown here cost comfortably under a thousand pounds



Michel Molnare

Overcast . . .

It's no good pretending that cold days end with the coming of the English summer. They keep on cropping up and so does the need for a light overcoat. Lightweight furs in summer colours make ideal coats for these overcast days, and always look luxurious





Michel Melinare

Left: Lightweight grey kid, soft and subtle to the touch. It is dyed a cloud grey in this three-quarter length coat for the National Fur Company. The coat costs 95 gns., the matching cravat 7½, and the muff 10 gns. At their Brompton Road branch, and to order from their provincial branches

Above: Snow-white beaver, soft as thistledown. This greatcoat, the epitome of luxury, makes the perfect complement to a silk or chiffon dress. The skins have had all their natural colour removed, producing a perfect, utterly unblemished white. This unique coat, which is made by Calman Links, costs £800



Washable whites for the sun



John Adriaan

THREE is no point in living in the 20th century without taking advantage of it. If you are going to wear white this summer when you travel into the sun, plump for the washable non-iron fabrics. Here is a suit and dress knitted in France by Tricosa entirely of Rhodia nylon. It is the answer to a score of holiday problems

You can buy the jacket (*left*) with or without either of the skirts. It is trimmed here with navy, but is also made in many other colour combinations. The jacket costs £9 2s. 6d., the straight skirt £8 5s. 0d., the pleated skirt 9½ gns. All at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Manchester, and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

The dress (*extreme left*) is made in navy, stone, ice-blue and coral. It costs about £19 19s. 0d. at Cresta Sports, London, Rothstone of Wilmslow, and Pophams of Plymouth. All prices quoted are approximate. Hat by Dorothy Carlton. Victor Viceroy luggage

Photographed at the Time & Life building, Bond Street

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

BEAUTY

Making a career of glamour

by JEAN CLELAND



ACAREER which is becoming very popular with the young is that of beauty culture, and I find that requests for advice on it are rapidly increasing. My correspondents ask what opportunities it offers, how long the training takes, and what sort of things one has to learn.

To get a reliable and comprehensive answer I went along to see Gertrude Hartley, who has just moved into new premises where her already famous "Academy of Beauty Culture" functions under ideal conditions. Since there is more space than formerly, there are more opportunities than ever for students to gain a wide and sound knowledge of this absorbing subject.

"Let us," I said to Gertrude Hartley, "start at the beginning. Tell me what, in your opinion, are the most important assets for a girl who wishes to take up beauty culture as a career?" The reply was prompt and decisive. "First and foremost she must have sympathy and understanding, and be willing to give a great deal of herself. Many women who come in to have treatments for the first time are shy, and perhaps a little apprehensive. This makes it difficult for them to relax, and that is why the personality

of the treatment girl is so important. She need not be glamorous to look at—indeed if she is too beautiful and sophisticated this may tend to be a little 'off-putting'—but she *must* have warmth, and the intrinsic kindness that puts people at their ease. In addition, she must have good hands for massage; strong, yet with a sensitive touch. She must, too, have intelligence and the will to learn and to tackle a varied curriculum." Mrs. Hartley went on, "Beauty culture is a wide subject, requiring considerable study, and the mistake some girls make is in thinking that it can be learned without much trouble. They don't know that to give a good and reliable facial, and a really effective massage, one must understand the principles of anatomy and physiology, and have knowledge of bone formation and underlying muscles."

I asked if I could see the school, and we went upstairs to a large airy room, where a number of students were busy writing and doing the theoretical part of their studies. Subjects include anatomy and physiology, already mentioned, correct massage, vitamins and dietetics, for which on certain afternoons a doctor comes to give lectures. The practical

side of the course—which lasts five months—takes in both facial and body massage, make-up, ray therapy, and a number of other subjects.

To develop the expertness which is essential to facial massage, students practise first on dummies, then on each other. Finally, when they are really good and only lack salon experience, they go to a special treatment room upstairs, where they give facials to clients for half the cost of the ones given downstairs. This is excellent both for the girls and for those people who want a good treatment for a modest price.

As I said goodbye to Mrs. Hartley, I asked one last question. "When the course is finished, what are the prospects?"

"For girls who have taken their training seriously, and done well," she replied, "there are plenty of opportunities. They can set up on their own, or work for other beauty firms, or even work up a private clientele, going to people's houses. My greatest pride is the number of girls who have trained in my Academy of Beauty Culture, and are now making a success of their profession, not only in this country, but in other parts of the world."



Mrs. Gertrude Hartley (above) runs the Academy of Beauty Culture. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Suzanne Farrington (seated), daughter of Vivien Leigh, demonstrates massage to some of the students



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Cosmetics are awkward to pack and difficult to handle. The beauty case (left) meets this traveller's problem with a removable tray for the preparations. In ivory shades, or combined with coffee, carnation red, or black. It is made by Morton Leather Products, Ltd. (13 gns. approximately). Marshall & Snelgrove. The ladies' lightweight Rev-Robe by



Revelation (centre) is covered with a new Revonite material in rich tan, and in appearance is almost indistinguishable from leather (£15 15s.). Train case to match (£6 15s.). The double-decker bag (right) has an upper part for general use and a lower container for cosmetics. Made by Morton Leather Products Ltd. (25 gns. approximately) from Harrods

SHOPPING

A case for chic

By JEAN STEELE



Left: A luxurious weekend travel case that holds everything necessary on a journey. It is fitted with polythene bottles and jars with gilt tops, a double mirror, velvet containers for jewellery and a waterproof-lined cosmetic bag. Specially made lightweight for air travel

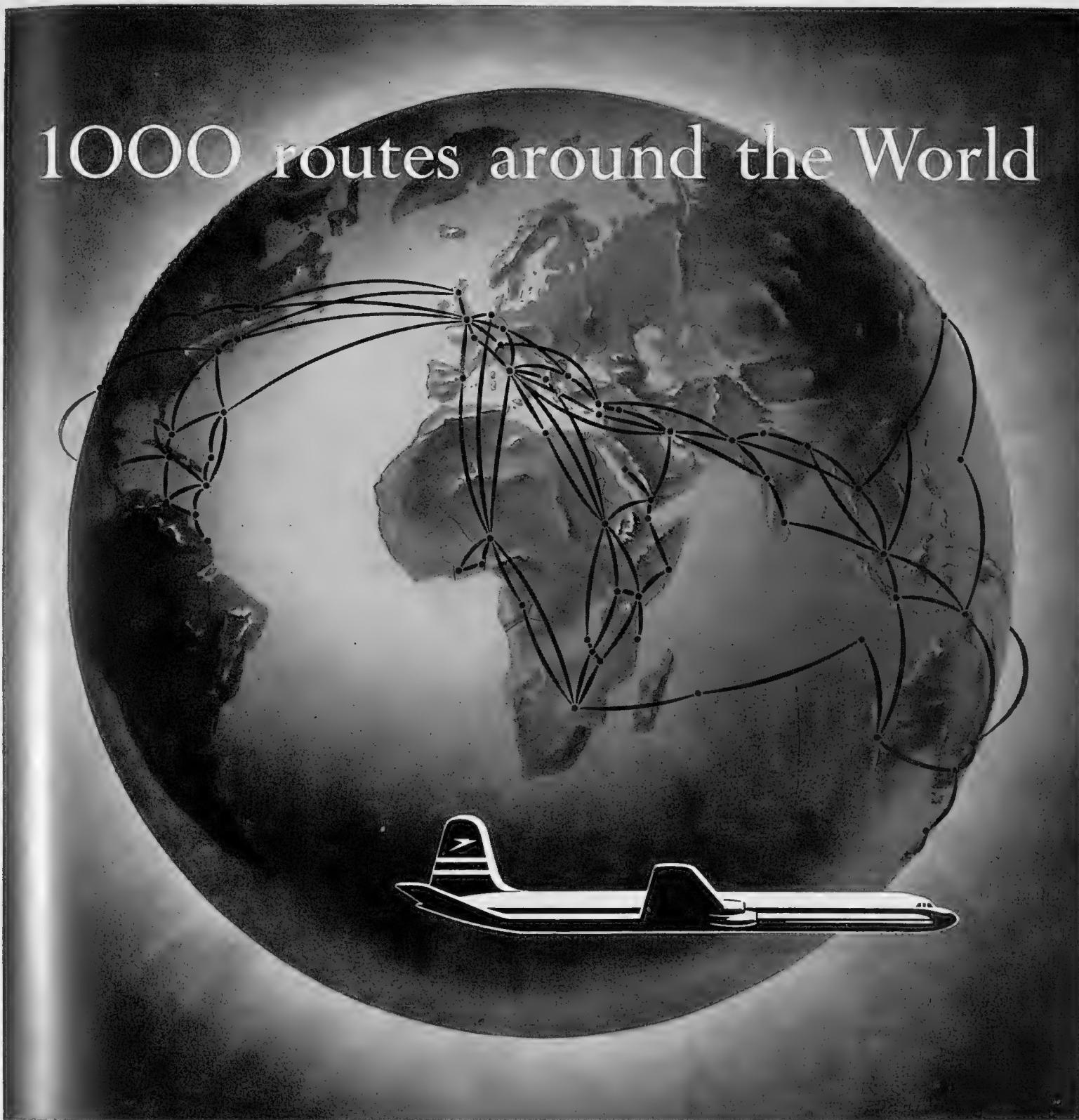


This non-expanding suitcase by Revelation is made on a plywood foundation covered with a new Revac material in light fawn with tan trimming. It opens flat and has an interior division for easier packing (24-in., £8 19s. 6d., 27-in., £9 10s.)



Dennis Smith
by Morton Leather Products Ltd. (25 gns. approximately). Fortnum & Mason. Right: Viceroy executive case in reinforced cellulose (£12 12s.); unlined hand-stitched gloves in peccary (£3 10s.); Italian heavy-framed sunglasses (£2 15s.), Simpson, Piccadilly

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FAMILY TREES—1

Montgomery of Alamein

by L. G. PINE



FEW names in the British aristocracy have had a more remarkable fate than that of Montgomery. It can be traced to a castle in Normandy where the originals of this line lived for about a century before the Norman conquest. Always in trouble with the early dukes of Normandy, the heads of the house yet managed to patch up their quarrels in time for the Norman expedition to England in 1066, and with good reason. From that conquest the Montgomeys emerged as one of the most powerful of the new aristocracy set up in England. Roger was styled Earl of Montgomery, Arundel, Shrewsbury and Mercia, a very large fief. So great was his power that he eventually gave his name to one of the tracts of land which the Normans, following more energetically the example of the Saxon kings, were busy carving out of Welsh territory—Montgomeryshire.

But such power was too great for long duration. After some generations the Montgomeys are no longer found in England, having proved too troublesome to the Crown. Yet a scion of the family has heard the northern call and taken the road to Scotland. The Earl of Eglinton &

THIS ARTICLE begins a series of brief occasional commentaries on the lineage of leaders in public life. The author edits *Burke's Peerage*

Winton is the present head of the house of Montgomery. The ancestor of the present (the 17th) Earl was Robert of Montgomery, who took lands in Renfrewshire, Scotland, from Walter, the High Steward. One of this adventurer's descendants distinguished himself at the Battle of Otterburn in 1388. This John Montgomery captured Sir Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur, and compelled him for his ransom to build a new castle for the Montgomeys in Eaglesham—their head lands in Renfrewshire.

The history of the family is like a series of extracts from the history of Scotland, and the din of battle resounds across it. The 6th Earl was for the Parliament in the Civil War, while his son, the subsequent 7th Earl, was for King Charles. The 10th Earl was killed by a man who was supposed to be trespassing on his grounds. Yet, great as is the line in Scotland, its adopted country, it is not as distinguished in some respects as the scion lines which have migrated

to Ireland. There have been the cadet lines of the Earls of Mount Alexander, and the descendants of Montgomery of Braidstane. But the most memorable of all is that of Montgomery of Alamein. This line settled among the Scottish planters in Donegal in 1628, and from 1773 it was seated at New Park on Lough Foyle. There the great-great-grandfather of Viscount Montgomery, one Samuel Montgomery, a prosperous Londonderry merchant, settled in 1773 with an estate of 1,000 acres on the north side of the Lough.

Viscount Montgomery's supporters to his coat-of-arms are a soldier in battle dress on the left, while on the right is a Norman knight in full armour. This is fitting for the greatest warrior of his fighting race which is deduced—and probably not by fanciful historians—from the Norse warriors, the Vikings, who in ancient times ravaged the shores of England, Ireland and Normandy.

RECORDS

Stars come to town

by GERALD LASCELLES

WHEN things are done in America, they have to be done in the biggest possible way. Music Festivals are no exception, and the jazz fraternity went to town in a boisterous mood when Newport (New Jersey) presented its fourth International Jazz Festival in July 1957. Impresario Norman Granz, owner of the American Clef and Verve record labels, has collected much of the music for posterity. It suffers from many of the difficulties arising when "live" records are made at public concerts. The artists do not always make their noises at the recording microphone—the audience do not always applaud in the right places—and curious humming noises, like flautists warming up backstage, intrude at the most unlikely moments. These extraneous sounds are ones which any harassed speaker at a village fete knows only too well, but they seem to be superfluous on records retailing at more than £2 each.

Altogether 14 long-players were made at the Festival, of which seven are now available on Columbia, and the remainder will be on sale before the end of April. Traditional jazz is presented by the bands of George Lewis, who is interesting, and Turk Murphy, who is not. Singing star Ella Fitzgerald overshadows the tired-sounding Billie Holiday, and proves her position as the reigning First Lady of Jazz.

Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson with Vera Lynn during their last appearance at the Albert Hall in 1955



Manchurian born pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi plays very western music with an occasional Oriental idea thrown in. Leon Sash is a blind accordionist of considerable technical merit, but I confess that this expansive instrument finds no place in my ears as a jazz voice.

Modern fans can take a day out to get to grips with the fearsome Gigi Gryce-Donald Byrd Jazz Laboratory, a group of experimenters who reach for the unknown without achieving it. The excitement rises when veteran tenor-player Coleman Hawkins takes the stand in company with Roy Eldridge, Pete Brown, and Jo Jones. No one can outblow Hawkins, and it is inevitable that he takes the honours on a hard-hitting session of considerable merit.

The Ruby Braff Octet, a traditional band with a face-lift, squeezes melody out of elderly standards with notable success, eclipsing the lamentable piano solo performance by an obviously nervous Bobby Henderson, who is normally capable and rhythmic. Braff is so strongly white in influence that I expect him to stand up and take a Bix Beiderbecke solo at any moment, but he relaxes into his

own quiet style, pure in tone and relaxed in approach.

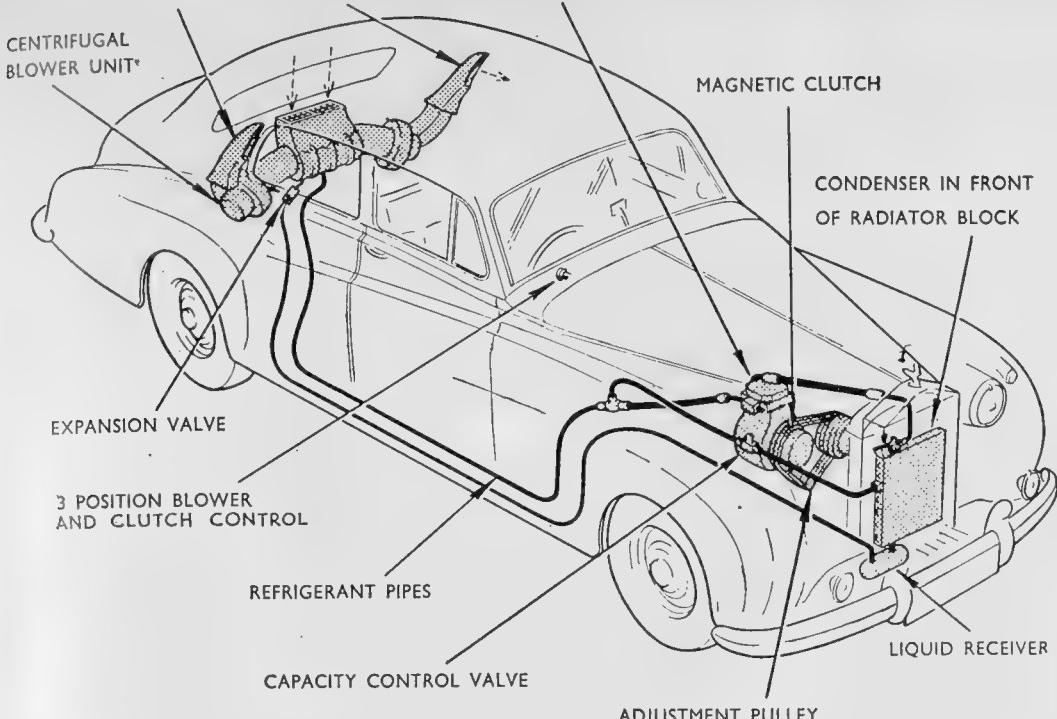
More important to us in England than Newport's Festival is the fact that Norman Granz is bringing over his interesting "Jazz At The Philharmonic" group, to open in London on 2 May. Outstanding personalities will be Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, Sonny Stitt and Oscar Peterson, not to mention the incomparable Ella Fitzgerald. This promises to be an exciting tour, and will provide jazz lovers with their first opportunity to see these great stars.

Selected Records

- RUBY BRAFF OCTET/BOBBY HENDERSON—Columbia 33CX10104. 12-in. L.P. £2 1s. 8½d.
- COLEMAN HAWKINS ALL-STARS—Columbia 33CX10103 12-in. L.P. £2 1s. 8½d.
- GIGI GRYCE-DONALD BYRD JAZZ LABORATORY—Columbia 33CX10102. 12-in. L.P. £2 1s. 8½d.
- BOBBY HACKETT—Capitol T857. 12-in. L.P. £1 13s. 8½d.
- JIMMY RUSHING—Vanguard EPP14003. E.P. 12s. 10½d.

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HOW the fresh air reaching the passenger compartment is cooled or warmed is shown in this diagram of an air-conditioning layout now used by Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars. All these systems are a combined heater-refrigerator, driven off the engine

MOTORING

Taking a deep bath at speed

by GORDON WILKINS



GORDON WILKINS is a practical motorist as well as a writer. His record includes: twice winner of British Fuel Economy championship; once in the winning team in Monte Carlo Rally; twice class winner at Le Mans; holder of long-distance records at Monza on Abarth-Fiat single-seater

ONE of our most famous sports car manufacturers said to me the other day: "I wouldn't design another sports two-seater without winding windows in the doors." There, in a sentence, was another step in the evolution of the automobile, and however much the motoring sportsmen may deplore it, I suspect their wives and girl friends are going to applaud it. Already there are many so-called sports models which are only distinguishable from convertibles by the amount of padding in the folding top. Heaters and radio follow as a matter of course.

It is difficult to believe that it is only six years since I sold the 328 Frazer-Nash-B.M.W. which had served me faithfully for many years. It had a flimsy hood and no side screens at all, but in it my wife and I travelled Europe, with one suitcase in the tail and another lashed on outside. The way my wife managed to emerge from it looking calm, collected and immaculate in all weathers amazed me and everyone else. But nowadays anything short of Gran Turismo, with tin top, plastic or glass side windows and a heater is received coldly. The Triumph TR3 we have been using lately was popular for these reasons.

Where will the softening-up process lead? The question was prompted by a talk with Rolls-Royce executives who tell me that their test staff, covering enormous mileages in England and on the Continent, use full air conditioning practically all the time.

After the Arctic Easter we had this year, a refrigerator sounds like one of the more useless items of car equipment, but in fact it functions very agreeably as a de-humidifier, taking the oppressive dampness out of the air and dispelling that sense of living at the bottom of an aquarium which the English climate can so easily induce.

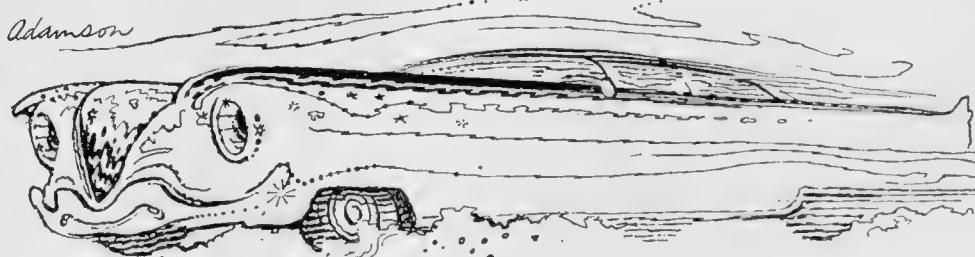
In warm climates there are other powerful arguments. The high cruising speeds possible on

motor roads make it disagreeable to drive with the windows open, and some other means of controlling the temperature is required. An exterior sun visor helps but can reduce maximum speed quite appreciably. Tinted glass is also available for windscreen and side windows, but it holds back about 25 per cent of the light, and can make night driving difficult, especially for the elderly. Hence the advance of refrigeration, which is widely used in the United States and is now being offered on Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars on home and export markets.

Getting into a car which has been parked under a hot sun for hours can be really unpleasant, and I am told that some American wives leave their cars parked with engine running, and air conditioner working, while they do the shopping. It is surprising to find just how powerful these car sets must be. The Rolls-Royce system, which was redesigned following visits by senior executives to Texas last summer, is as powerful as 50 domestic refrigerators. It gives the same cooling effect as two to three tons of ice a day.

A big reserve of capacity is needed to pull down the temperature soon after starting, especially if the car has been standing for some time without the refrigerator in action. There used to be a theory that a very quick temperature drop might produce thermal shock and possibly nausea, but human beings have proved very adaptable.

On American cars, some air-conditioning systems are so large and heavy that special springs are often fitted to cope with the extra weight. Rolls-Royce have produced a compact set which adds only 150 lb. to the weight of the car. The price is a slightly weightier matter. Including purchase tax, it adds £577 10s. to the cost of a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud or Bentley "S" and £825 to the price of a coachbuilt car such as a Silver Wraith.



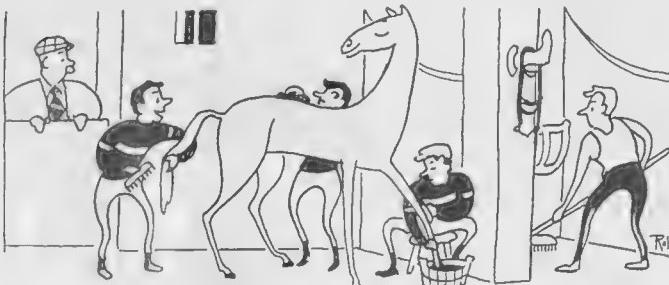
RACING

The race that makes reputations

by DENZIL BATCHELOR

WHILE the Two Thousand Guineas of 1950 was being won by Palestine I saw a materfamilias gathering cowslips on the Heath opposite the Bushes. The journalist beside me in the Press Box stopped admiring the way Charlie Smirke put out his tongue at the rider of the second horse, to say severely: "She wouldn't do *that* when the Cambridgeshire or Cesarewitch was being run. Not even if cowslips were growing at that time of year, which they aren't."

He was quite right. If Newmarket were struck by a hydrogen bomb tomorrow, it would be the great races of the Autumn Double that would be particularly recalled when its history came to be filmed: those mediums for betting coups which have rocked the ring or send defaulting backers packing to Boulogne. As somebody once said: "The famous names of the Guineas belong to Epsom and Doncaster."



Yet this is grossly unfair to mighty races gracing one of the less crowded and therefore more delightful meeting of the year in springtime, the only pretty ringtime. Moreover, it is a meeting at which more reputations, some inflated, some deserved, have been made than at any other except Epsom. Nobody really thought Lady James Douglas's triple-crown winner, Gainsborough, unbeatable, till he won the Two Thousand at 4-1; Manna, the Derby winner, started at 100-8 when he won in 1925; the same odds were laid against Cameronian six years later; and Mrs. Glenister's Nimbus, which won the most thrilling Derby I ever saw in 1949, was allowed to go to the starting gate with tens bet against him.

Those were the heroes. The villains included Colombo (1934) and Tudor Minstrel (1947), both of which, because of their wins in the Guineas, were considered unbeatable in the Derby, and today are spoken of with execration, tears in the eyes, or oaths on the lips, according to taste.

The most famous horse that ever trod turf gained his reputation in the Guineas of 1886, the first race run as a three-year-old by this unbeaten winner of the Triple Crown. The story of Ormonde is a fragment of the turf's epic.

On the Sunday before the Guineas, John Porter, his trainer, met the prodigious Matt Dawson out with his string on the Bury Hill. Now the Dawsons were Newmarket history incarnate: in 53 years the family won between

them 51 classic races, with 12 Two Thousands topping the tally. Dawson nodded to his rival. "I'll show you the best horse you have ever seen in your life, John." Yes—it was Minting: the colt whose like history had not produced. Ormonde was all very well, but Dawson spoke as it were *ex cathedra*: "When the race is being run you will hear them shouting Ormonde and Saraband home. But when they get into the Dip it will be 'Minting!' and nothing else."

Well, the unsurpassable Minting was there, steadied for his great effort—and then and there, just where Dawson had predicted death and damnation, Ormonde shook him off as unconcernedly as a spaniel shakes off pond-water, to be eased past the post "lest he should have won by the length of Newmarket High Street." The public howled with joy as they were not to howl again till Mafeking Night, and Matt Dawson hacked home

without a word to anybody, to go to bed for a week, during which he was reported to say nothing but "Minting's beaten—Minting's beaten."

One of the fadeless days of history—another was earlier still: the Guineas day of 1848 when none of the brilliant world of court and politics could forget Mrs. Anson's farewell to Lord George Bentinck, the greatest legislator the Turf had ever known. Lord George (who had exposed and disqualified Running Rein, the four-year-old Derby "winner" of 1844) had deserted racing for politics.

That afternoon he rode up to the sisters, the Countess of Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson, the two most beautiful women in England (which meant in the world), as they sat in their carriage to watch the Guineas. It was then that Mrs. Anson said the words which still seem to haunt the Rowley Mile like a chill breeze on a sunlit day. "George, come back to us, and leave those dreadful politics alone, or—take my word for it—they will kill you before another year has passed away."

The Czar of the Turf never lived to see another Guineas. Before the season was out, they found him in his own park, dead from exhaustion,

MR. BATCHELOR is the leading sportswriter and broadcaster who is also the author of a history of the turf and thirty other books



undernourishment, overwork; and dressed no doubt in the reddish-brown double-breasted coat and buckskin breeches made from the hides of his own stags.

Yes, Guineas Day has been an historic occasion, often enough. It was there that Archer's master, Fordham, swore he would never again ride a horse owned or trained by William Day, who had sneered that he could not be held responsible if the jockey "didn't second his efforts to win."

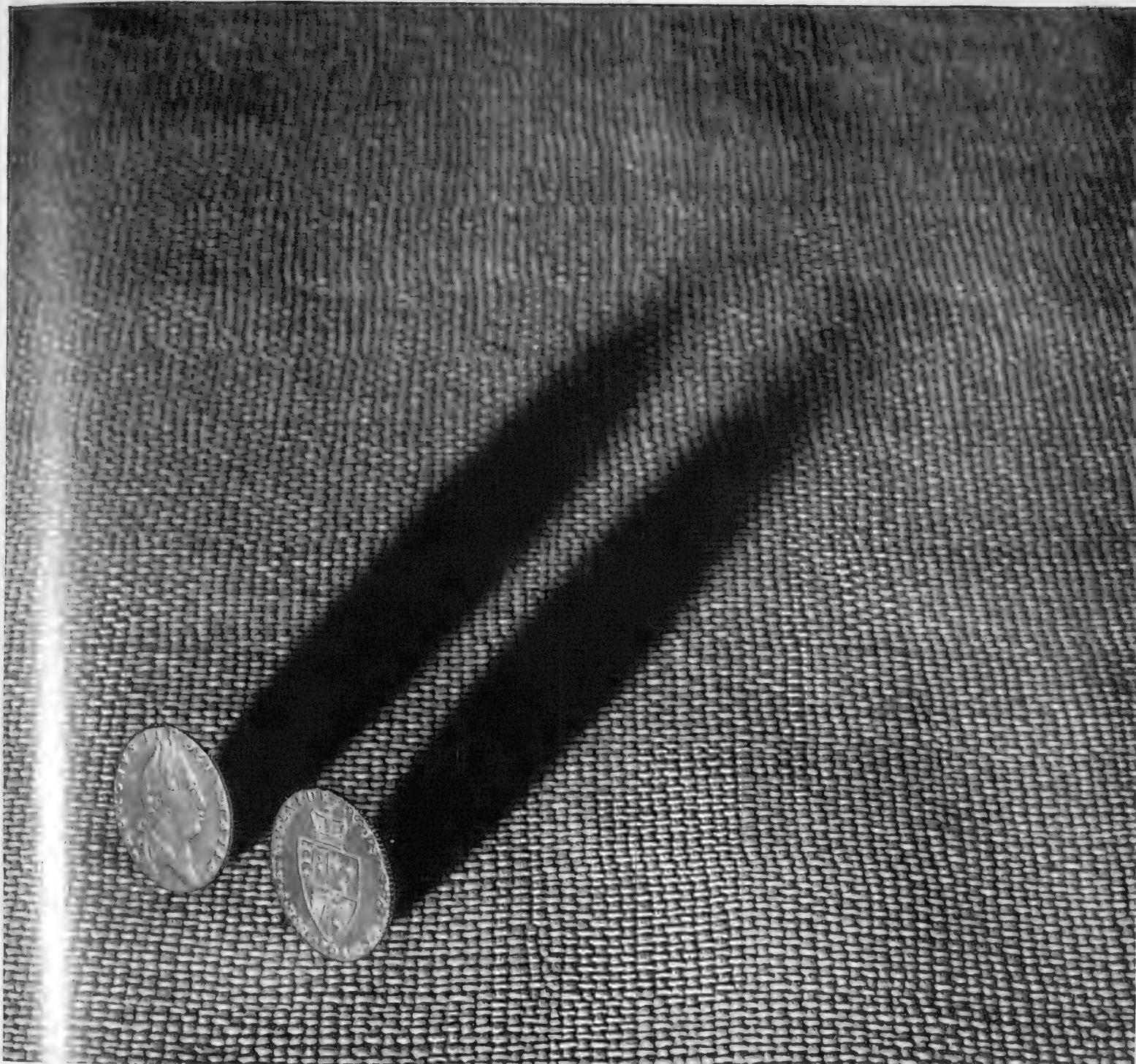
And it was this race that the great Jem Robinson won nine times in the early 19th century—a record for any Classic.

In our own times there have been unforgettable Guineas Days. There was Ki Ming's win in 1951 for Ley On which meant double helpings of chop suey for all in his Chinese restaurant. There was Gilles de Retz's win at 50-1 in '56. He had just been outclassed in a minor race in France, but a shoal of last-minute bets went on him when it was noticed that his jockey, Frank Barlow, dismounted to save him from humping nine stone as he walked round before the start.

It is good to know that in 1959 the added stake money is to be doubled. It is even better to know that the Four Thousand Guineas will still be called the Two Thousand. As well change the name of Gentlemen v Players!

And this year? Well, as I write it is too early to be dogmatic about this year's Two Thousand. Assuming, however, that our three-year-olds have made the improvement expected of them, Major Portion, top of the Free Handicap, must be given a great chance. His victory over Neptune II in the Middle Park Stakes proved the gameness of this son of Court Martial. Do not, by the by, pay too much attention to the Kempton Two Thousand Guineas Trial form. No winner of this race has yet won the Guineas, while Our Babu and Darius were both beaten in it. Her Majesty's Pall Mall is not considered to have quite the class for the Guineas, but Pheidippides, winner of the Gimcrack Stakes, and possibly Pinched and Bald Eagle should be considered. The Irish-trained Talmud may face the starter or he may miss this Classic in favour of a race at Chester. If he runs, we shall know whether we have to contend with another Ballymoss this season. And keep your eyes skinned for the French challenge: it is expected to be formidable.





The 'Guineas'

Ladbroke's take pleasure in informing their clients that the fillies, unaware of the furore in the human world over equal pay for both sexes, will continue to run as far next week (and sometimes as fast) for The One Thousand Guineas as the colts do for The Two Thousand. Having passed on this cheerful news Ladbroke's hasten to add that their own unique service to clients of both sexes will continue to be as unrivalled as it always has been for nearly sixty years. And an item of interest for potential clients. Opening an account now will enable you to place your bets with the Ladbroke representatives at Newmarket next week.

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SOCIETY REPORTER FINDS OUT

AT A RECEPTION I went along to report the other day, I was struck once again by the fact that one woman stood way out beyond all others. I have spotted this magnetic "something" in a few women before. This time I thought I would discover the secret.

"How kind you are," said my Magnetic Woman, "but what can I tell you?"

"Let's start with your skin," I said, "your make-up." (To be honest, I wondered how old she was. Her gorgeous complexion didn't give a thing away).

"My make-up's simplicity itself, and I do it twice a day—never more; it's not necessary if you use the right things."

"Which are?"

"Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder! I can't bear anything else on my skin . . ."

Silk Face Powder! I had never quite believed that it was really made of silk. So, later, I put a call through to New York and spoke to Madame Rubinstein herself.

"But of course it is made of silk," she said, "that's what gives it such fineness and luminosity. Silk and skin—both living substances—are strongly magnetic to each other. That is why my Silk Face Powder has a 'cling' that simply can't be

equalled by face powders made with mineral substances."

So there you are. Silk Face Powder in Crystal Box, 11/6. Refills, 8/3.

Silk-Tone Foundation, 10/6, and all-in-one Silk-Minute Make-up, 10/11.

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Helena Rubinstein

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DINING IN

Veal with a Viennese accent

by HELEN BURKE

"How can I be sure that even the best Continental escalope of veal will provide me with the best Wiener Schnitzel?" That is a cry from a woman who went on to tell me how difficult she finds it to get just that tender melt-in-the-mouth finish to her thin slices of veal.

My advice to her was to buy a veal cutlet or chop—not from the loin end, but farther up, towards the shoulder where there is no fillet—not because the loin chop is not the best meat (because it is) but for the simple reason that the little piece of fillet in it is lost as far as a schnitzel is concerned. The chop to buy is parallel to the best end neck of lamb cutlet.

Ask for it to be cut between $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick. If the meat is Dutch or English veal, reared as in Holland, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick should be ample. If, however, it is "normal" English veal, a good $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick will be better because the chops from home-grown calves are much smaller.

Cut the meat off the bone and remove the skin and any gristly bits which would cause the meat to curl the minute it became hot. (Use the bone and trimmings for stock for soup.) Next, with a wetted metal heater or, failing that, rolling-pin, tap out the meat thinly as far as it will go. It is surprising how it spreads as it is tapped from the centre towards the outer edges!

For 4 schnitzels, a beaten large egg in a soup plate will do. Into another, sieve 5 to 6 tablespoons of breadcrumbs—not from stale bread but from bread about 2 days old. (How objectionable that word "stale" is! If the bread is really stale, it will taste stale on the meat.) Add to the crumbs half as much grated Parmesan cheese.

Season the meat on each side with salt and freshly milled pepper. Dip the pieces in the beaten egg, drain them a little, then coat them on both sides with the crumbs—just nicely coated and not too "packed."

To a frying-pan large enough for the 4 slices of veal, if you have it, add 2 to 3 tablespoons of olive oil and, when it is really hot, add 1 to 2 oz. butter. When it has completely melted, place the crumbed meat in it and, if necessary, lower the heat so that the coating will be golden brown at the end of the cooking. Turn and brown the other sides. The veal, being thin, will be cooked in less than 6 minutes in all and the lovely and beautifully flavoured coating should be intact.

Place the veal on a hot serving dish and garnish it with chopped parsley, the sieved yolk and chopped white of a hard-boiled egg, lemon quarters and, on each schnitzel, a stoned olive and a rolled fillet of anchovy filled with capers. Or if you prefer it, simply pass quartered lemon with the veal.

Writing of this very thin slice of veal, reminds me of another favourite slice of mine, already mentioned in these notes, but several years ago: Steak Diane. For it, buy $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices of fillet steak cut from what is known as the "mignon" or even the tournedo part. Beat it out as above, but gently as the meat is soft and can easily be broken.

To cook 4 such steaks, first pour a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce into a frying pan and slowly heat it to evaporate the vinegar. Add to the pan a tablespoon of olive oil and a nice ounce or more of butter. Add the steaks, fry them on both sides, then season them with salt and pepper. Transfer them to a heated platter. Add to the pan a further lump of butter, a chopped shallot and another tablespoon of Worcestershire. Heat well. Now add up to a tablespoon of chopped parsley, pour the sauce, bubbling, over the steaks and serve at once. For vegetables have green French beans—cooked, well drained and dried, sprinkled with flour and quickly turned over and over in butter to produce that lovely crusted surface which browned flour and butter give. Instead of potatoes serve plainly boiled short thick macaroni, finished with butter.



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DINING OUT

The Basque palate

by I. BICKERSTAFF

MANY readers of this journal will be motoring about France shortly. I have no hesitation, therefore, in continuing my reminiscences of a recent visit to that country with special emphasis on the gastronomic side.

Heading south from Nantes I stayed for the first time at the Grand Hotel Terminus in Niort. As so often happens in France, the *propriétaire* was also the *maître chef de cuisine*. A gay person, Jean Louis Tavernier produced one of his specialities—"Sole Pochée au Muscadet." Four medium-sized soles came in on a huge dish covered with a wine and cream sauce—1,000 francs for two of us and well worth it—accompanied by a bottle of Muscadet which cost 450 francs.

In the bar afterwards we had a party for the benefit of the *entente cordiale* in general, with Jean Tavernier and a very jovial friend of his, a M. Barbotin, who told me that he bought "many tractors from Mr. David Brown of England."

Next day through the timber country of the Landes to that fine old city of Bayonne and the Hotel des Basses-Pyrénées, where we had a large twin-bedded room looking out over the ramparts, with private bathroom. For two nights the bill came to 7,000 francs—say £7—which included (for two people) breakfast and dinner on both days, three bottles of wine and some Cognac. For dinner we kept to the specialities of the Pays Basque, such as *piperade*, which is a sort of omelette with pimentos and tomatoes, seasoned with garlic, and a large slice of *jambon de Bayonne* placed on top. It was well prepared, and surely nobody can say the bill was excessive.

From Bayonne I decided to penetrate farther into this district, having been fascinated by all I had read about it in Vivian Rowe's book *The Basque Country* (Putnam's, 18s.).

The language is fantastic. Nobody, not even the Basques, knows its origin, and nobody can understand a word of it unless they speak it. It bears no resemblance whatever to French.

Before I left Bayonne I paid a visit to the distillery of Izarra, the liqueur of the Pyrénées, "izarra" being Basque for "star." A director, Robert Dagonet, showed me round. He was a pilot in World War One, and in World War Two was deported by the Germans and finished up in Buchenwald. This permanently injured his health and, knowing something about that hellish establishment myself, I am not surprised.

I was shown how brandies from south-west France, syrup of refined sugar, quantities of honey, and masses of herbs and flowers from the Basque Pyrénées, were all (in very unprofessional language) stewed up together and finally matured in oak casks.

From Bayonne we set off for St. Jean-Pied-de-Port via Cambo. When you reach Itxassou *en route* it is worth turning off into the village and stopping for lunch at a small hotel called the Iguskian, where we had some of the local trout and a casserole of jugged hare, which had been shot on the hills nearby. With this we had a bottle of Vin du Pays Basque called "Irouleguy," a very reasonable red wine for lunchtime, especially at the price of 300 francs for a bottle.



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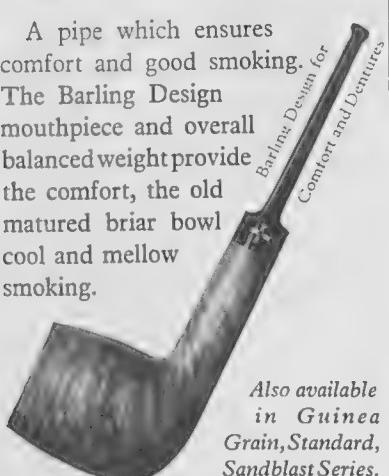
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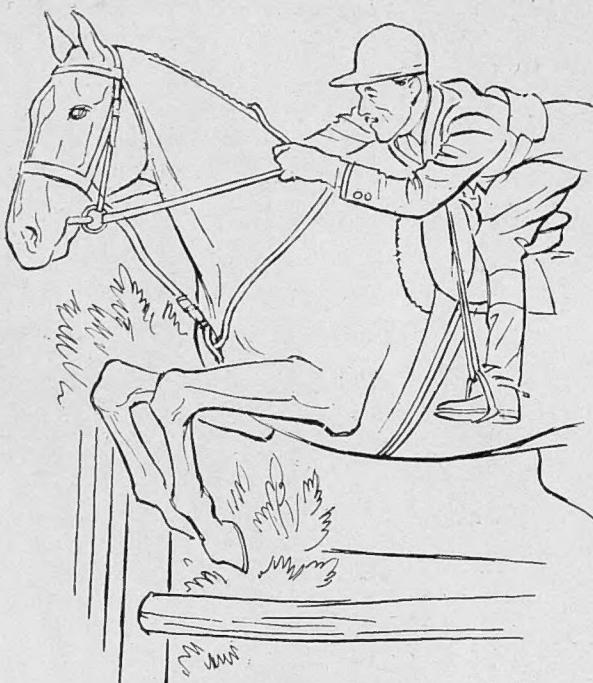


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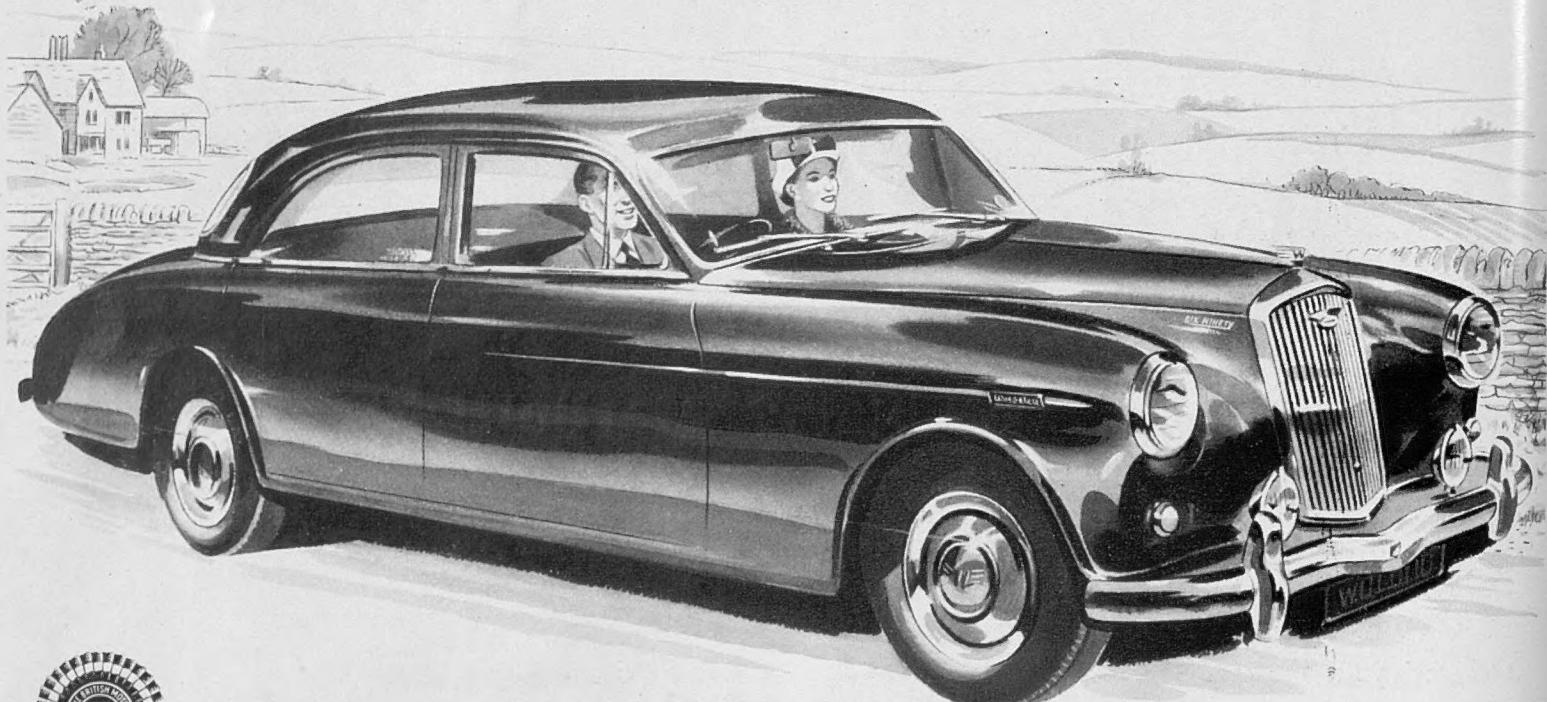
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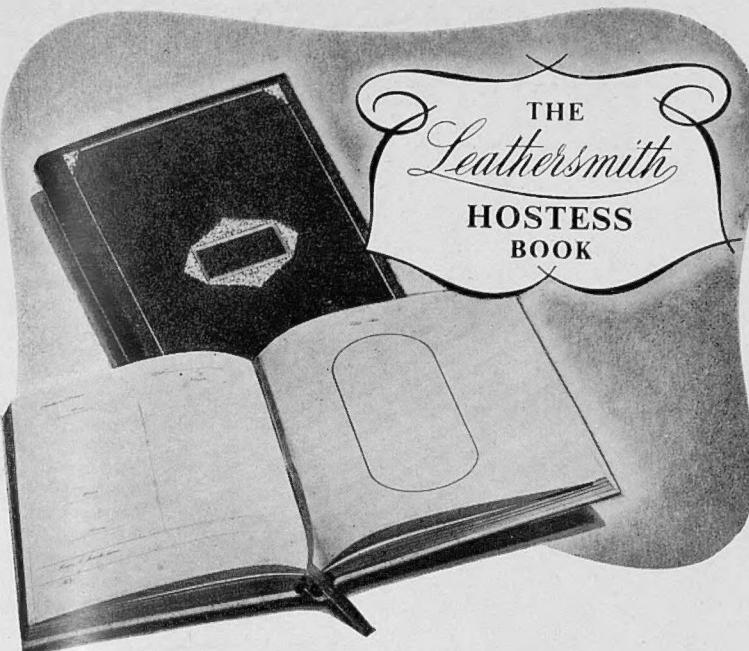
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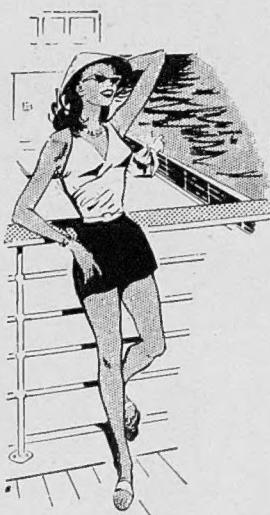
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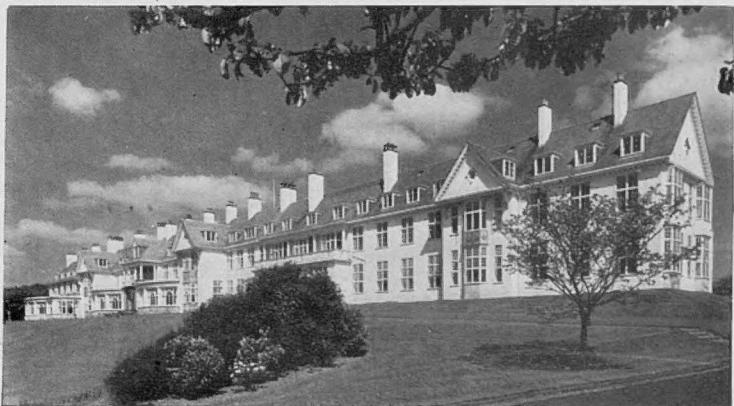
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